

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

Greatest Circulation in the World

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Sunday, Jan. 21, 1934

Darlings of the Poets — A New Series of Paintings by Henry Clive



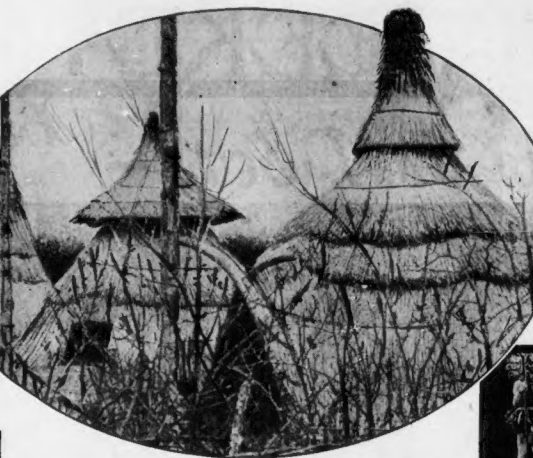
EVANGELINE

"Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers,
Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the wayside,
Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown shade of her tresses!"
—Henry W. Longfellow.

Germany's Jungle Village for Civilized "Savages"



One of the Village's "Savages" Greeting the Sun Near an Artificial Palm Tree.



Three of the African "Kraals," or Huts, Which Have Been Set Up Near Berlin, and Which Attract Hundreds of Vacationists to "Go Native" for Awhile.

Below—A Family of Metropolitan Germans Gathered About the Doorway of the African Hut in Which They Lived While They Enjoyed an African Holiday.



World's Photos

BERLIN. THE strangest and most spectacular vacation resort in Europe has sprung up in Ahrensdorf, a town not far from this city. It is a faithful reproduction of a native village in the jungles of Southwest Africa and the people who go there to rest and enjoy themselves get in the spirit of their surroundings by dressing as savages of the Dark Continent.

Robert Preussner, a wealthy German who spent many years in Southwest Africa, conceived the notion of building a jungle community on the outskirts of the German capital. During his stay in Africa he took photographs, made accurate drawings of huts and arranged for the shipment of a cargo of wood, grass and native utensils and implements to Hamburg. With these things, the imaginative and original builder of the jungle settlement put up a colony on the shore of beautiful Lake Lubbe that has, by its oddity, attracted hundreds of vacationists and, incidentally, made a handsome profit for the proprietor.

The huts, or kraals, are exactly like African dwellings, and they are large enough to accommodate a family of half a dozen persons. One of the photographs on this page shows three of the twelve kraals in the community.

Another of the pictures shows a crude tower from the top of which an excellent view of the camp and the surrounding country can be had. Every morning, soon after sunrise, someone in the village goes to the top of the tower and plays the role of tribal medicine man. He, or she, shouts for the "savages" to get up and out into the sun.

At a matter of fact, the transplanted African settlement is a place for people who want to acquire a healthy tan and soak up the sun's vitalizing rays. The lake shore, close by the village, has a beach where the inhabitants of the place back in the sun for hours every pleasant day during the Summer.

Before a vacationer has been

playing African native a week he is as brown as an Indian and, in the jungle costume which the owner of the resort supplies him, looks more like a savage than a civilized member of the white race.

Just as the blacks do in their native habitat, the patrons of the camp assemble for meals five times a day and absorb great quantities of simple, nourishing food—mostly fruit and vegetables. And for their amusement they stage many mock tribal rites in which they sing popular songs and dance.

Herr Preussner, to give his unique resort even more of an African flavor, has augmented it with a well-stocked zoo filled with many species of African animals and birds.

Stone Age Hardware Store Unearthed

CAIRO. WHEN Miss Gertrude Caton-Thompson, the eminent British archaeologist, began digging through the surface of the Kharga Oasis, not far from this Egyptian city, she expected to unearth a record of the weather which prevailed in that part of the world over a period of several million years, but she did not dream that she would discover a well equipped hardware shop run by some hairy-cheeked merchant of the Old Stone Age.

One of the excavators, shoveling carefully far below the sandy soil of the oasis, hit the edge of the implement on what he, at first, took to be a rock. On closer examination, the object proved to be a well-made stone axe. With every shovelful of earth more of these relics were uncovered, until more than 500 of the things were salvaged. It was obvious that the scientists had stumbled upon a cache of these primitive implements, probably the stock of some prehistoric hardware store.



The stone axes were surprisingly well fashioned, for all of them were highly glazed from long exposure to water-borne sand. Perhaps, the makers of the axes put them in tubs into which a stream of sand and water fell. Or possibly they merely left their handi-



CENTRAL NEWS

Miss Augusta Thoms, the British Girl Who Entered a Vienna Beauty Contest Just for the Fun of the Experience and, to Her Surprise, Emerged With Three First Prizes. The Committee of Judges Agreed Unanimously and Enthusiastically That She Was Blessed With the Most Beautiful Face, the Shapeliest Shoulders and the Prettiest Legs. She Prolonged Her Stay in the City of Beautiful Women to Pose for Several Prominent Artists and Sculptors.

Won 3 Prizes in One Beauty Contest

VIENNA. ON the day that Miss Augusta Thoms arrived in "the City of Beautiful Women" to spend a few weeks with friends, she found the hotel where her hosts lived all agog over a beauty contest. The ballroom was a veritable garden of feminine beauty and a distinguished group of artists and sculptors were hard at the difficult task of eliminating the lesser "blossoms" so that the finale of the contest might be staged the next day.

Miss Thoms found the activity an interesting diversion after her journey to London. It did not occur to her—until her hosts put the idea into her head—to match her Anglo-Saxon comeliness against the charms of more than a hundred Austrian beauties, some of whom were famous for the number of cups and medals they had gathered at pageants of pulchritude.

After much urging the Britisher was induced—just for the fun of the experience—to fill out an entry blank and present herself to the distinguished committee of judges. The family that was entertaining the visitor then revealed to her that they had been in conference, and that they had agreed she was prettier even than the most beautiful women they had seen in the Austrian films.

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This Elongated Flamingo Presents an Amusing Study in Curves and Angles When It Goes in for a Bit of Long-Distance Manicuring.

Feathered Clowns of Philadelphia's Zoo

THERE are many queer birds in the aviary of the Philadelphia zoo—birds with elongated beaks and birds with fuzzy topknots—but the most amusing inmates of the place are the long-legged flamingo and the curious crowned crane from Africa. These fellows give the spectators more laughs than the rest of the feathered residents of the institution put together.

Perhaps the funniest trick of the flamingo is its habit of manicuring its feet, which are a long way from its comparatively small body. The photograph shows the flamingo giving itself a manicure and presenting a strange study in angles and curves. When the bird stands erect, it seems physically impossible for it to twist its oddly proportioned body into a posture that would enable it to connect beak and foot. But the position is no trick at all, nature having seen to it that the flamingo is equipped with an extremely long and flexible neck.



The African Crowned Crane Is One of the Funniest Looking Birds on Earth. Because Its Knees Bend Backwards Instead of Forward, It Has to Sleep in This Position.

Killed Themselves to End the Misery of Their Love

Antony, a Monk of the Greek-Orthodox Church, Betrays His Vows for a Girl, Takes Her to His Cell, Is Discovered by the Prior, Thrown Out in Disgrace, They Try Suicide, He Fails and Shoots Himself on Her Grave

The Kokaljanski Monastery, where Antony lived; the Cell He Occupied With His Maria is at the Extreme Right of the Building in the Foreground.

SOFIA, Bulgaria, Jan. 10. "THE life and love of a monk, by Father Antony," sounds all wrong. It was very wrong and once more the wages of sin was death.

Monks are not supposed to have any love-life at all, and it is certainly against the rules for one to keep his sweetheart in a monastery cell.

Therefore it is not surprising that the Greek-Orthodox Church has just forbidden another monk, Boris Balabanoff, to publish the autobiography of his late romantic friend, Father Antony, who recently blew out his brains on the grave of his suicide sweetheart.

It should be explained that the extraordinary and tragic romance could not possibly have been carried on within a Roman Catholic Monastery, where rules and discipline are more strict, nor even in most such institutions of the Greek Church. The thing happened in the little Monastery of Kokaljanski, in the wild Idex Valley of Bulgaria.

The unpretentious little place is hardly twenty miles beyond Sofia, but, in the winter time, it might as well be a thousand miles from civilization. Two priors of Kokaljanski have been murdered in recent years by brigands who rove the mountainous region almost unmolested and a third prior was almost killed by poison. In the summer both nature and hands become more kindly, encouraging native visitors from the capital to make the twenty-mile journey over the rocky trail.

The American tourist leaves the territory severely alone because it contains no hotel. That reason also made the fatal romance possible. In the absence of such accommodations, it is the custom for monasteries sometimes to shelter and feed paying guests in their spare cells, of which there were always plenty at Kokaljanski. This was good for the visitors who would otherwise have slept in some peasant's hay or in tents, subject to visits from wolves and bandits. Also it provided sorely-needed funds for the poor struggling monastery and its chapel.

Besides his spiritual duties, the igumen, as the prior is called, had the worldly one of getting enough of these guests to keep his institution going. Therefore, last September, when prospects of these customers seemed a bit slim, the igumen was pleased at the suggestion of Father Antony, his 28-year-old assistant, to take to Sofia and see if he could stimulate a little business.

Off went the handsome young man, clothed in his Greek robes and with something burning in his eye which his superior took for religious conviction. Back he came triumphantly with a pretty girl of seventeen, Maria Todoretz, his father, and her younger sister, Mitson, which is the Bulgarian pet name for Maria, looked rather pale and frail when she arrived, but the plain food, hard bed, the mountain air, or something, seemed to cause a remarkable improvement in her health and spirit.

Father Antony called this phenomenon to the attention of his superior, together with a suggestion that it would be for the girl's spiritual and physical benefit as well as the financial good of the monastery, if her father could be persuaded to let her remain a paying guest all summer. The igumen, seeing nothing wrong with the idea, so advised the parent. Being a devout person himself, the father would do

most anything within reason that this holy man might urge. It seemed not unreasonable, because just at that time business had picked up. Every cell of the little monastery was full of guests, about half of them women. The girl would be in no danger unless she wanted to be, a possibility which neither parent nor prior had any reason to suspect.

They knew that a few years previous, while Antony was a novitiate at the big Elezchnascha Monastery, nearer to Sofia, he and Mitson had become acquainted. In fact the whole family had met him. How could they know that the burning eyes of the young novitiate had kindled the first and last love in the heart of that little girl, hardly more than fourteen years old at the time?

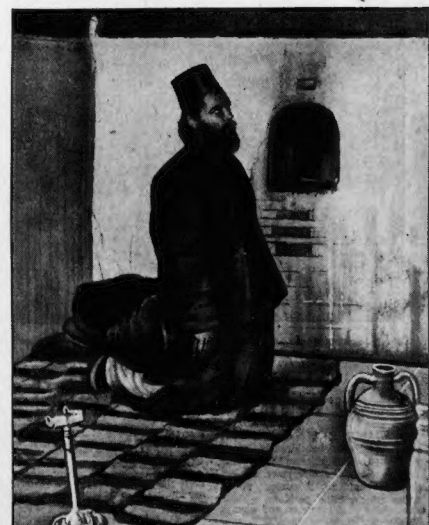
Marriage between the two was impossible and any other sort of romance not to be thought of. The rest of the family did not think so, but little Mitson could not help dreaming, nor could Antony, named after a saint who had also been somewhat bothered that way. The monk is said to have written in that book which has been suppressed, that had he known that his love was reciprocated he would have given up his monastic career before taking the final and irrevocable vows. Several times they met, but always each concealed his affections from the other until at last Antony took his last vows, dooming himself to a life of celibacy. He had no regrets nor doubts because he was sure that the only girl he wanted was beyond his reach in any event. Still, during the ceremony, his mind was haunted by her face and he had a queer feeling that she was right behind his kneeling figure with outstretched arms.

As soon as it was over the young monk turned around. She was not there and yet the first time he went to a window, there she was outside the building. Full of wonder and a strange ache in his heart, he ran out to her. "Have you done it?" she gasped. "Yes," said the monk, "but why do you ask?"

His answer was to burst into tears and cry like a thunderbolt, the truth struck him.

"Why didn't you tell me you loved me?" he cried in agony of soul. "Why didn't you?" she wept back. He had forgotten telling her of the day he must take the vows, but as the

Maria Dimitrova, Who Poisoned Herself With Her Lover, the Monk Antony, and Died Although He Recovered.



A Monk's Cell in a Greek-Orthodox Monastery, Showing an Occupant at Prayer.

time approached the strain had become so great that at the last moment she had hurried to the monastery to tell him how and had arrived just too late. The girl had grown pale and listless in her home, despite a purified doctor's tonic. In the big monastery the prior had become concerned at Father Antony's loss of weight and appetite. Hoping that a radical change might do the young man good, he had sent him to be the assistant of the igumen of Kokaljanski. Really that place was more like a cottage with many cell-like bedrooms than the average conception of a monastery. It had only the prior, his assistant and one servant to run that and the adjacent church.

There, through the long, dreary winter, the young monk had wrestled with the world, the flesh and the devil. By

Springtime, when "a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love," this powerful combination seems to have given him a thorough beating. At the capital, only twenty miles away, a similar battle had been fought and lost in the heart of a maid, now seventeen years old.

This is what had gone before, when Father Antony made that visit to Sofia which brought Mitson and her family. Also it explained the miraculous improvement in the girl's health. The life of a monk in the Greek-Orthodox Church is much less ascetic and confined than in similar Roman Catholic Orders and, in general, as long as he attends to his tasks, his general behavior is often not strictly scrutinized.

The igumen, who was getting old, told his assistant to use his own judgment in being as agreeable as possible to their paying guests. The young monk may not have overexerted himself with the others, but he certainly made himself agreeable with one little paying guest who was destined to pay for it with her life. He took her for long rambles in the mountainous forests, looking down upon the wild valley where the lake starts on its northward path to join the mighty Danube, whose blue waters had already drenched past gray Vienna and Budapest where men and women took their loves more lightly and one might know many romances without pain of death. This pair of forest lovers wanted only one, but that was too many.

The igumen and the other guests seem to have suspected nothing, but one day the two lovers knew that something they had prayed would not happen had happened. Soon they must marry—but they never could marry. It was the irresistible force of Nature meeting the immovable object of the church. They talked it over and could see only one solution.

On July 20, they spent several hours conversing quietly in the igumen's cell, but neither he nor anyone else noticed anything unusual in their demeanor. Later in the evening they brought a pile of letters to the courtyard and burned them. Then they went to their cells as usual for the night.

Next morning neither Father Antony nor Mitson appeared for prayers at the chapel, but Father Nikolai, a visiting monk, took his place. When the noonday meal was set out on the rough wooden tables and again those same two were absent, it was the visitor Nikolai who became suspicious and looked into Father Antony's cell. Here he saw the missing pair locked in each other's arms on the monk's hard, narrow cot, apparently lifeless.

A doctor summoned from Panchewo, the nearest village, pronounced the girl dead, but the monk was removed to a hospital where his life was finally saved. Two tumblers in the cells contained the dress of a mixture of venereal and corrosive sublimate. In a copybook in the cell was found the following farewell message of Mitson to her parents:

"Dear parents! Forgive us. Tony is innocent. We mutually agreed to this. Love us both. Please bury us together. This is my last wish. We Nikolai committed the sin of fornication, but after long reflection. We are sure we shall be happier than we could be if we remained among

the living. Don't mourn for us. And once more, forgive us."

Father Antony wrote, among other things: "Do not judge us. There is nothing more wonderful in the world than love. What more beautiful than to live and to die together. All the world ought to know that even monks may have hearts and may love an earthly girl. It is no crime to love. I request my friend Boris Balabanoff to complete and to publish my book, 'Life and Love of a Monk'."

Then came his final sentence—scribbled in an almost illegible hand by Antony: "This may be the most foolish act of our lives, but it's too late now. Forgive us." And underneath, Mitson, womanlike, had the last word: "Death is sweet. Love is stronger than duty," she wrote.

Father Antony left the hospital under arrest, charged with aiding and abetting suicide, but he was released on bail. The authorities of his church insisted vainly that he be interned in a monastery until the trial. Before the case came up the Church had made its own investigation and expelled the man who had brought it in discredit. No longer Father but just plain Antony, he said he intended to start life anew in some secular work.

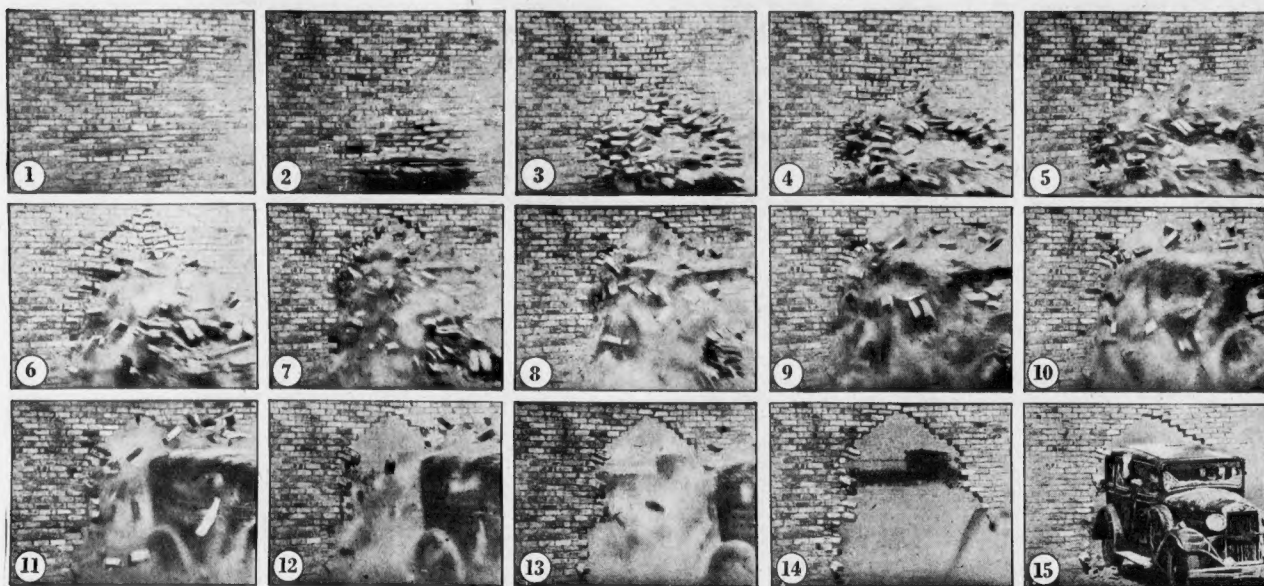
One morning a pale young man in ecclesiastical clothes appeared at the gates of the Sofia Cemetery to ask for the grave of Maria Dimitrova. One of the officials, gifted with that sixth sense which warns when a man is dangerous, told him where to find the grave but ordered a gardener to follow and watch him.

The man saw the former Father Antony kneel at Mitson's grave, place flowers on it, and pray. Then, with a movement so rapid that the gardener who stood at some distance could not prevent it, he drew a revolver from his coat, pressed it to his temple and in another moment he had sunk lifeless on the grave of the girl he loved.

In a letter found on his body, he once more craved the pardon of Mitson's parents and begged to be buried near her.

This request was not granted. In fact, Antony's body remained without interment for days, since he had left no money to bury him. Finally two friends were forthcoming who paid for his funeral, the last two persons in the world one might have expected—Mitson's father and mother. Over the grave they said: "God will judge the poor sinner, but we have forgiven him."

Drove An Automobile Through A Brick Wall



Worshippers Bring Their Own Stoves to Church

LONDON. AMERICAN ministers who have been finding it difficult, in recent years, to keep their parishioners from straying from the fold and who have been preaching to empty pews despite all sorts of inducements intended to attract people to church, might well envy one of this city's clergymen.

This fortunate preacher has his parish in the thickly populated suburb of Leyton, which is part of the British Capital's East End. Most of his congregation are working men and their wives and children.

When cold weather set in something went wrong with the heating plant of the little chapel over which the minister presides and he was told that the apparatus couldn't be repaired in time for the Sunday services. He made this fact known to certain of his parishioners and asked them whether he should close the house of worship for one Sunday.

It was then that one of the good deaconesses, who hadn't missed a Sabbath Day service for several years,

was smitten with a bright idea. Why, she asked the minister, couldn't the worshippers bring their own heat? Almost everyone who attended the church had a small oil heater in his, or her, home and it would be no trouble at all to fetch the things to church and place them in the pews and in the aisle. She, personally, would spread the idea around and the minister needn't worry about having a small attendance.

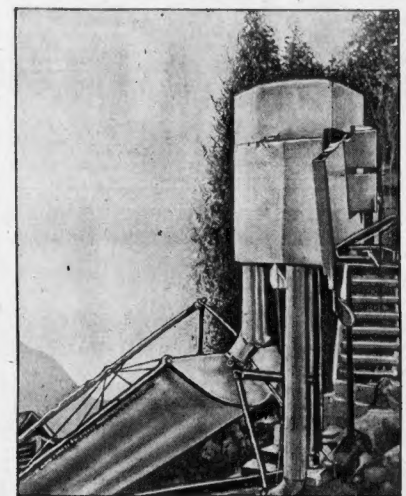
The following Sunday morning some of the citizens of Leyton who happened to be on the street were surprised and mystified to see their neighbors, dressed in their best-meeting clothes, walking along with their oil heaters in their hands. The photograph at the bottom of the page shows three of the congregation arriving at the church and the minister smilingly greeting them at the door.

All together, the small auditorium of the chapel boasted some 40 oil heaters that chilly Sunday morning and the place was almost as warm as it would have been if the furnace had been in good working order. Two of the largest of the portable heaters were placed on the platform, at either side of the pulpit, so that the person might be as comfortable as his devout and highly co-operative congregation.



Members of the Congregation at Leyton, England, Carrying Their Oil Stoves to Church Because They Did Not Want to Miss a Service While the Furnace Was Out of Order.

THE American Weekly recently published a page, with remarkable photographs of the surprising punishment modern automobiles can endure. Cars were shown plowing through sand, almost swimming in water and rolling over and over down a hill. And there were head-on and rear-end collisions—but the automobiles were able to keep right on going. The pictures printed above show still another endurance test, where an automobile was driven through a brick wall. The final picture shows the car after it had circled around behind the wall again and had been driven through the hole a second time. The photographs are reproduced from a sound-film by courtesy of Morris Motors, Ltd.



The Interesting Apparatus Which Constitutes Dr. Abbot's "Solar Cooker." It Is Located at the Smithsonian Station on Mount Wilson, California.

Scientist Cooks Meals By Heat of the Sun

D. C. G. ABBOT, the distinguished scientist and secretary of the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, presents many interesting and important scientific addresses and reports of research and progress in the general field of science in the new annual report of the Smithsonian Institution. In an article by Dr. Abbot himself, he points out that the rays of the sun are the most important factors in life on the earth. Our summer and winter, our day and night, our climate, our weather, are dependent on the sun. The growth of plants, the health of man and animal, require solar radiation, and even for the coal and oil in the earth and water-power, we are indebted to the sun.

Dr. Abbot incidentally mentions a cooking outfit he himself set up and operated successfully with the heat from the sun. The accompanying picture shows an experimental cooking plant which I erected at the Smithsonian station on Mount Wilson," he writes. "Sun rays falling upon the great concave cylindrical mirror, 7 by 12 feet in surface, and moved by clockwork to follow the sun, are reflected upon a blackened brass tube encased by a vacuum-glass jacket. Within the tube, which lies parallel to the earth's axis, is high test engine cylinder oil. It grows hot, expands, and rises up into a reservoir containing about sixty gallons of oil. Two ovens for cooking are inserted in this reservoir of hot oil. A return tube from its bottom completes the circulatory system, bringing cooler oil to be heated by the mirror.

"For weeks at a time on Mount Wilson, the ovens remained hot enough to bake bread both day and night. All kinds of cooking except frying and broiling are readily done with this solar

cooker. The kitchen where food is prepared remains cool, and the housewife has a delightful view of the mountains as she steps out to place edibles in the ovens, but the apparatus is too costly to be anything but a luxury."



Mrs. Horthy, of Budapest, Wearing the Striking Gown Which Made Her the Subject of Criticism by the Clergy Because It Brings Out the Wearer's "Lines." Too Flimsy.

Head-To-Heels Gown Criticized as Immodest

BUDAPEST. MADAME HANNA HORTHY, who cuts considerable of a figure in Hungarian society, just can't see why the clergymen of her country should set themselves up as critics of feminine fashions. Their ideas about what is modest and what is immodest, she says, are biased, old-fashioned and downright silly.

For many months the Hungarian men-of-the-cloth have been crusading against gowns that, to their way of thinking, reveal too much of the feminine figure.

Without mentioning her name, one minister made it clear that Madame Horthy, being a leader of the social set, was setting a bad example for her countrywomen by affecting gowns that revealed her shapely back from shoulder to waist.

This attack so angered the socialite who has been called Hungary's best-dressed woman, that she rushed to a modiste and had her design her gown as it is seen wearing in the photograph at the right. It is likely that she had her tongue in her cheek when she commanded the dressmaker to cover her from neck to heel and to have the sleeves extend to her wrists—for the

creation was so fetchingly form-fitting that certain of the crusading ministers of the Gospel found it even less modest than the most back-revealing of the "bareback" dresses.

This criticism, apparently, was exactly the first that Madame Horthy was attempting to draw because she granted an interview to the newspapers in

"Free Speech" for Dogs

MUNICIPAL Judge Leon Edelman, of Chicago, recently handed down a decision which extends the much discussed right of free speech to the four-footed citizens of Dogdom—much to the chagrin of several human residents of the city who found the nocturnal "speaking" of a dog named Pal hard on their ears and their dispositions.

The chief complainant was Mrs. Marie Waterman, the owner of a fashionable apartment. She told the judge that she did not mind the dog, a water spaniel belonging to William Schwartz, barking in the daytime. But she de-

scribed Pal's very free speech at night as "hideous."

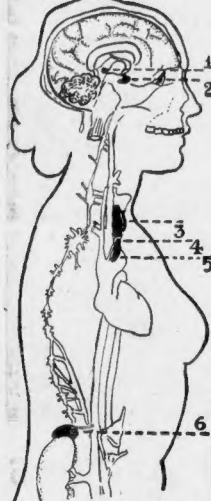
The judge listened attentively to the complaint, pored through a thick volume of decisions for a moment and then delivered himself of an opinion which was no less a surprise to the complainant than it was to students of jurisprudence here and there in the country.

"More barking," he said, "is not an infraction of the law. To that extent the right of free speech extends to dogs. I must, therefore, dismiss the case—but, Mr. Schwartz, you'd better educate Pal to more reasonable barking hours."

Why King Henry VIII of England Had So Many Wives

Science Explains That Harsh Treatment of Four of Them Was Due to a Gland in His Neck Being Too Active, and Points

Out How Similar Glands Have Changed History



Florence Nightingale, the Heroic Woman Whose Glandular Activity Gave Her the Energy to Revolutionize Nursing, but Also, in Her Middle Age, Brought on the Bone-Disfiguring Disease Called Acromegaly.



Henry the Eighth Ordering the Beheading of Anne Boleyn, His Second Wife—An Instance of His Cruelty Now Explained as Resulting From Too Great Activity of His Thyroid Gland.

Diagram Showing the Location of the Various Ductless Glands Whose Over Activity or Under Activity in Historic Personages Has So Often Affected the Course of Civilization. 1—The Pituitary Gland; 2—The Thyroid; 3—The Pineal Gland; 4—The Parathyroid; 5—Thyroid Gland; 6—The Adrenal Glands.

LONDON, Jan. 11.—THE first five wives of King Henry VIII couldn't do a thing with him because his thyroid gland was too strong and active. But his sixth and last Queen was able to boss and boss him without having her head chopped off because the royal gland had begun to fail the rough monarch at the age of fifty-one.

"Napoleon would not have lost the battle of Waterloo if his pituitary gland had not become defective, preventing the great military genius from making those quick decisions for which he was famous."

Dr. Ivo Geikie Cobb, author of "Glands of Destiny" and other authorities on the subject, state that these two men, and most other men and women who have controlled history, were in turn controlled by their own endocrine glands or glands of internal secretion, little things ranging in size from a grain of wheat to a chestnut.

Sir Arthur Keith, one of the world's highest authorities on prehistoric life, has pointed out that the reason the cavemen's baby grew up to be a hulking, chitinous brute instead of a modern specimen of humanity is that its glands acted a little differently in those days. Also, those same glands, by reverting to their old habits, can cause a modern infant to develop into a sort of sub-human ape-effect, like the man who ate his meat raw near Peking, China, in those fireless days 2,000,000 years ago.

As evidence that this not only can happen but actually does happen, Sir Arthur Keith in his recent work, "The Antiquity of Man," calls attention to a skull found in a comparatively modern graveyard of Greenland but which had all the main characteristics of the oldest paleolithic fossils. In other words, not only success, genius, personality but even evolution itself are dictated by little morsels of flesh which, until a few years ago, were considered of small interest.

In almost every big organization there is at least one man who really knows more about the business than the boss. The employee's well-balanced brain is not only a mine of information but is capable, if given plenty of time, of seeing into problems and coming to sounder conclusions than can the man who hires him. Yet he is not the boss and probably has the sense to decline that responsibility if it is offered him. He lacks the gland-power to drive his own and other brains to make the quick decisions demanded of a successful executive.

For the same reason, a college professor may know more about money and commodities than anyone else in the world and yet be useless as a government cabinet official. When the big boss feels himself slipping and resigns in favor of a younger man with less experience, it is usually not that the old man's brain is becoming defective but because a tiny gland hidden in his skull, his neck or some other part of the body has started to shrivel.

"What is it men see in that girl?"

many a woman has asked in despair. "She is neither beautiful, nor witty and as far as knowing anything, the chink Panchinello was a prizefighter and Einstein invented a beer mug. Yet there they are hanging around to catch every word that drops from her stupid lips."

The admiring gentlemen can't answer that question. It seems to be a matter of instinct. They see a sparkle in her eyes and feel a driving vitality which fascinates and which they can only describe vaguely as personality. They don't know that it is a matter of glands. The man who wins this girl makes an interesting eugenic experiment, if he has brains. Should their child inherit his intelligence and her gland power, that youngster is likely to make a name for himself or herself.

In the case of Henry VIII, the modern physician is aided by the court archives giving ample information regarding the daily health, temper and general behavior of the King. He has the further advantage of studying the portraits by Hans Holbein and others who painted the monarch at various stages of his career.

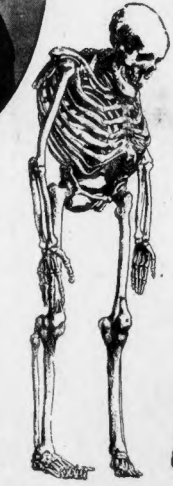
The last of these, said to have been by the great Holbein, was in 1548 when the royal father was fifty-two years old. That same year Holbein died of the plague while Henry lived on for more years.

The interesting thing about Henry VIII was the hectic career he gave his wives. As a purely incidental by-product of the royal scuffles, he made England a Protestant nation. Of the first five, all died tragically or led very short lives. The sixth, Catherine Parr, died of a heart attack, and the two were brutally divorced. But the sixth wife, Catherine Parr, found the once turbulent and terrible Henry no problem at all.

Henry was a strong, hearty, athletic young man with a huge appetite but a quite ordinary brain. According to the diagnosis of Dr. Cobb and others, he had an unusually active thyroid gland. Persons of this type, though they may never contribute a new idea or anything else of value to the world, usually manage to get what they want or go to prison. Henry, of course, was above the law.

Being the greatest matrimonial catch in all England, he might have beenheaded a hundred wives and still there would have been plenty of volunteers ready to take a chance. And out they went in one way or another until the last. In a recent moving picture of his life Henry expresses his resignation to being bossed by her somewhat as follows: "My last wife is the best one of all—and the worst."

If Henry ever made such a remark



The Skeleton of a Sufferer From Acromegaly, Showing How the Bones Became Deformed.



David Soothing the Fury of Saul, the Biblical King, Whose Moodiness and Melancholy Alienated His People From Him, a Condition Due to His Glands, Science Now Believes.

in real life it was his rapidly-weakening thyroid gland talking. A few years before, he would have called in his prime minister and ordered another divorce or a cold chop or a hot stake for the Queen. But now he was just a dull, middle-aged man, without enough energy left to have a good row with his wife, much less get rid of her. At the age of fifty-six, weighed down with fat and torpor, he died.

Napoleon had a superior brain, capable of inventing new military strategy, but what made him master of Europe was a powerful set of endocrine glands. Had these been only average he would have been a valuable adviser to some aggressive personality who would have used and taken the credit for Bonaparte's ideas. The glands boost the rest of the body but it seems that the thyroid is a sort of boss of the others, or at least, like a coxswain, it sets the stroke for the others. Also they all act and react on each other.

In Napoleon's system there was a "weak sister" in the gland chain and though it might have done well enough for an ordinary slow-living mortal it finally broke down under the terrific strain of his life. This was the pituitary gland situated at the base of the brain and among other things controlling the growth of the bones. That it was not over vigorous in youth is indicated by the Emperor's short stature. When his historic career began, it had to work overtime as shown by the instantaneous decisions Napoleon was perpetrating.

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making and which is another function made possible by the pituitary.

When the conqueror of Europe made the bad decision to invade Russia, probably that gland was already beginning to falter. The gargantuan gland had fallen still further behind during the exile at Elba. By that time the world had learned most of his military tricks, and now he could invent nothing new as proved by the big test at Waterloo. He not only failed to handle this decisive battle with his old brilliance but is said to have actually fallen asleep for a while in the midst of it.

Those things would lead the modern endocrinologist to suspect pituitary deficiency, but the autopsy, performed after his death at St. Helena, proved that this was an actual fact, though the surgeons of that time knew nothing of what the endocrine meant.

Another veritable Napoleon, in the relief of human suffering instead of in causing it, was Florence Nightingale, famous war nurse in the Crimean War and honored by historians of medicine not only as the founder of modern nursing, but as originating many features of the modern system of trained nurses in hospitals and in private homes.

As a young girl Florence Nightingale was slim, vigorous, absolutely without fear either in battle or of the red-tape and interference of her official superiors, and with a will so firm that not the whole collection of "blessed hats" in the British Army could move her from her purpose.

Florence Nightingale lived to be over thirty, but for the last thirty

years of her life she was an invalid, seldom able to leave her room and marked by the widening of the face and other bony deformations characteristic of the disease called acromegaly, a disease caused by wrong activity of the pituitary gland. Even the firmness, energy, courage and other admirable qualities of the early part of her life now are ascribed by experts to this same pituitary gland; which first made her and her work, then ruined her health.

Astonishingly complicated is the work of these glands. The physician, after a metabolism test, may find that his patient's thyroid is loafing and he can often achieve marked improvement by administering thyroid extract. But even if he had at hand an equivalent extract for every endocrine in the body, that would not solve his problems. These ductless glands are by no means arbitrary tyrants. They govern the body's activities according to reports sent them through the blood stream from other endocrines as well as from the organs, muscles and perhaps from every tissue in the entire system.

The pituitary sends out hormones in the blood of the child which cause its bones to grow but something sends back word, for instance, when the nose has become long enough and the endocrine says, "Stop!" If it did not we would all have noses like the elephant. Sometimes the pituitary gets wrong messages, disregards them or is too feeble to make the right response. About the age of twenty-one, the

pituitary is supposed to call a halt on the general construction work of the skeleton. When it forgets to do so the result is a giant some two to three feet taller than normal, such as Goliath whom David slew. If the gland stops the work too early, the product is a dwarf.

The "bearded lady" and the "dog-faced boy" owe their hairy faces to the fact that their glands have somehow bungled their job. The dog-faced individual and the grocer may owe these characteristics, too, to their glands.

In youth most people's endocrines are at their best, while with age they run down with the rest of the body. As a result youth is proverbially better-natured than old age. Fear, suspicion, love or the lack of them can often be traced to the glands.

Of all historic celebrities King David seems to have gotten the best break from the endocrines. In the first place, his own appear to have been good ones while Saul, the man he was to displace, suffered from fits of fear and despondency to the point of madness, suggesting pituitary trouble. These fits made him moody, undermined his popularity, upset his judgment and in other ways made him an easy adversary for David.

Giants are notoriously slow-moving and slow-witted which would make Goliath an easy victim for a spry youth with a sling. Had the Philistines sent out a champion of David's own size, things might not have gone so well for the palein singer.

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Town's Monument To Man Who Never Did Anything

OUT at Maryville, Missouri, the citizens are erecting a monument to a man who never did anything.

Monuments are usually erected to a great soldier, a statesman, a prominent citizen, someone who has presented to the city a public library, a park, a hospital, or performed some heroic deed. But this fellow out at Maryville never did any of those.

"What did he do, Mr. Mayor?" was asked of Mayor O. L. Robey.

"Why, that's Jeff Monroe," answered the town's executive.

And in the eyes of the Mayor that settled it. But not for the stranger in town was it settled.

"But what did Jeff Monroe do, that the citizens should erect a monument to him?"

"Well," stammered the Mayor. "Well, I can say just what he did. Oh, yes, he went out the day he was killed and gathered forty bushels of turnips and brought them into Maryville and distributed them among eighty poor families."

"Is that worth a monument, Mr. Robey? Is that all Jeff Monroe did?"

"Well," again stammered the Mayor. "No, that isn't all, but it's all I can think about right now. You see, Jeff Monroe just went about doing little kindnesses here and there."

And that was all that Jeff Monroe did, just went around doing a little kindness here and another little kindness there. Did that for twenty years.

He was poor as a church mouse and he kept himself poor by giving away all he earned. His position in life was of the humblest. He was a common laborer; worked with his hands. His fingers were gnarled and twisted. He handled a shovel and spade, an axe and a pick. He was out in all sorts of weather, in Winter and Summer, in rain and sun.

And the town is erecting a monument to his memory. Jeff went around with a smile, Mayor Robey says. And the mayor is one of Jeff's staunchest supporters. But the mayor is just one of these supporters. Everybody in



When Maryville Citizens Unveil the Statue to Jeff Monroe, the Orators Won't Spend Much Time Listing the Great Deeds of Their Hero. "He Just Didn't Accomplish Anything Big," They Will Say, "But He Was a Good Man, and He Had a Good Heart."

town is a supporter of Jeff Monroe. The whole town seems to be in supporting him. But still they can't tell just what Jeff Monroe did.

He took care of his aged mother. The town knows that all right. In a little three-room cottage Jeff and his mother lived. Jeff planted flowers all around the cottage. And cared for them. But that part of Jeff's manager income not absolutely necessary for his mother's support went to the support and care of the poor and the sick of Maryville. The Maryville Welfare Board always knew where it could secure assistance. Jeff Monroe could be counted upon to go to a home where there was sickness and to help the unfortunate.

Jeff was a good, workman. He always had enough work to keep him busy. One of his jobs was to dig ditches for the city water works.

"And would you believe it?" asks Mayor Robey. "About once a week Jeff used to come to me and ask that he be laid off a couple of days and the employment given to some fellow who had been out of work and was in need."

For ten years Jeff used to take a Claus to the children of Maryville. Used to dress up in a regular Santa Claus suit of red flannel and furs and visit the kids, especially the poor ones. He provided most of the toys which were distributed at such times. And he did not forget the older folk who needed groceries and substantial things on these occasions.

On wet and slushy days, Jeff used to station himself down near the school and help the little children across the street, picking them up bodily and carrying them through the mud.

Curiously, that's about all these citizens of Maryville can relate about Jeff Monroe.

"It was just went around doing little things here and there and smiling at everybody he met," they say.

In the tower of the Missouri State College at Maryville there are many nests of pigeons. The tower is 125 feet high. An old lady, ill, craved a "squab." Jeff ascended the tower, fell and was instantly killed. He had been out that day and had gathered the forty bushels of turnips for the poor. He was tired and his footing was not as sure as usual. The fall resulted.

The funeral was the biggest thing of the kind the town ever saw. The cortege was two miles long. The First Christian Church, where the funeral was held, was crowded and the street in front of the church was blocked. Two ministers officiated.

Jeff was so poor the town had to provide a casket. Mayor Robey undertook the task. Sitting at his desk, by telephone, in fifteen minutes the Mayor raised sufficient money to purchase a bronze coffin, the best the local undertaker had in stock. Everybody wanted to help. It was Jeff Monroe, the town's friend, who was being buried.

But they can't tell of any one big thing that Jeff Monroe performed to deserve a monument. "Just little things here and there."

Trick Bathroom That Exposed Faithless Wife

IF James Milbourn, a British farmer, always had done his shaving at a reasonable hour in an ordinary sort of place he probably never would have discovered that his wife was unfaithful. But as it is, he owes his recently acquired divorce to the unusualness of his habits and his trick bathroom.

Mr. Milbourn was setting out four posts one afternoon when it occurred to him that he needed a shave. So, being an impulsive fellow, he laid off work and was soon installed before a basin in the upstairs bathroom of his home, having come in without seeing or being seen by anyone.

Half way through his facial procedure the farmer heard a knock on the kitchen door. "Maybe it is someone to see me," he thought, and put aside his razor long enough to satisfy his curiosity. In order to do this it was not necessary to stomp downstairs or even go out into the hall and about—which might have given his wife and the hired girl a bad turn, seeing they did not know he was around. All he had to do was lift up a trap door in the bathroom floor.

A disguised flight of stairs separated bathroom from kitchen and, as the door at the far end was flimsy and half ajar, it was impossible for Mr. Milbourn, with the trap up, to overhear everything that was going on in the kitchen without himself being detected. As it turned out this was quite an advantage—had he not.

Describing what happened, Mr. Milbourn, related in his own words that he had been immediately recognized the voices of his wife and a man named Arthur Hunter, a porter at a nearby railroad station.

"What were they talking about?" demanded the attorney who was examining him.

"About the weather," said Mr. Milbourn and pursued. Mrs. Milbourn and her lawyer breathed sighs of relief. But they were a little premature, it appeared, for the husband had not finished his sentence.

"About the weather," he said, "and other things."

And then Mr. Milbourn described how in reality his wife and Hunter had been carrying on two conversations at the same time. The first was in very loud tones and in it only such innocent and respectable subjects were mentioned as rain, the state of the crops and the latest American moving picture. All of which, declared the husband, was nothing but a blind, a contrivance to fool the hired girl, who was in the dining room cleaning silver.

The real conversation was the second and this was being whispered between pauses of the first. Thus, Mrs. Milbourn would shout:

"This think we got rain any day now," and then whisper rapidly:

"The bone's pain doesn't get any better. I don't want him to die yet. I want him to leave me some more money."

And Hunter would reply:

"I wouldn't be surprised myself to see another week of fair weather." With the sotto voce addition



Overhearing the Voices in the Kitchen of His Home, Mr. Milbourn Would Lift the Trap and Listen in to the Conversation of His Wife and Her Visitor. Their Talk Seemed Conventional Enough, but Milbourn Heard the Whispered Interludes, Which Led Him to Apply for a Divorce.

"Sure, Sure. But what about me? I haven't a bloom in my eye or my nose."

This sort of thing, which might have been lifted from an essay by Eugene O'Neill, where the characters speak ordinary dialogue in one tone of voice and their thoughts in another, went on for some time, the husband testified. And before it was over he had cut his face in three places. However, this was as nothing to the shape his feelings were in. Hearing his wife dispose of him in such a cynical fashion, caused in Mr. Milbourn, who had always fancied she loved him, a feeling of disillusionment so sudden and thorough that it seemed as though he were having not only a shave but a cold shower besides.

During the next few weeks the farmer had little time for farming or for shaving either—although he spent many hours in the bathroom. He was devoting himself to spying on his wife, in the hope of discovering exactly how wrong his earlier opinion of her had been. His researches were liberally rewarded, he claimed. Starting out with the expectation of finding Mrs. Milbourn in error perhaps with one man, he was soon able to supply the court with the names of three co-respondents and enough evidence to keep it busy for seven whole days.

Not only Arthur Hunter, the porter, but also Charles Henry Milbourn, Mr. Milbourn's elder brother, and Arthur Mercer, a resident of a nearby town, were mentioned as being on the receiving end of Mrs. Milbourn's lavish affections.

Both Hunter and Mrs. Milbourn entered vigorous denials that there was anything improper in their relationship, the former being backed up by his wife, and the latter remarking:

"Answer, Hunter! I wouldn't let my feet on him."

The wife also denied having had anything to do with Mercer, but when it came to Charles Henry, the elder brother, she unexpectedly broke into an elaborate confession.

The jury was asked to ponder the reply Charles made when his brother's lawyer told him that he would be named co-respondent.

Charles' reply was: "There has been some kissing and cuddling but nothing more."

His explanation of this on the witness stand was that he meant kissing and cuddling under the mistletoe at Christmas parties and on other occasions when everyone was there.

To which, in effect, the court replied, in substance, with a loud: "Oh, yeah?"

And the funny thing about it all was that in the end Hunter, the man who had started Milbourn on his fruitless investigation, was exonerated, while both the other co-respondents were found guilty, which suggests that perhaps it was a lawsuit that gave rise to the expression:

"It must have been a couple of other fellows."

Weather Forecasts Offered Wrong Than Right

NOTHING is more exasperating than to read the Government weather forecast of "fair and warmer" and be caught in a cold rainstorm a few hours later—or to put on rubbers, rain-coat and take along the umbrella to the office and by noontime find it bright, warm and sunshiny. But that is a common occurrence for those who rely upon the predictions of the United States Weather Bureau.

Yachtsmen, sailors and others who are trained to take note of the weather are well aware that it is not safe to depend on the Government forecast. If it says rain, it is likely to be; if it says fair, it is more than an even chance that it will rain. The incalculable amount of annoyance, ill temper, wet feet and damaged clothes caused by the bad guesses of the Weather Bureau seems incredible to those who have observed the forecasts. But very few have taken the time and trouble to check up by day how the official weather prediction actually turned out.

It happens that Mr. Herbert Janvin Brown, who is himself a weather forecast expert, but not connected with the official Weather Bureau service, has done that very thing—day by day, since January 1 of last year. Mr. Brown has written down what the Weather Bureau says each day as to precipitation and has checked up on how it turned out.

Mr. Brown has just made announcement of the result for the first eleven months of 1933. Out of the 110 forecasts for eleven months, the Weather Bureau was right 90 times and wrong 123 times. This Mr. Brown points out is about forty-two per cent right and about fifty-eight per cent wrong. It confirms the experiences of those who have watched the bad guesses of the Weather Bureau.

Mr. Brown's observations were made for Washington, but the same general condition of bad guesses holds true in many other places—perhaps in every portion of the country.

Commenting on this astonishing inefficiency of this Federal department, Mr. Brown says:

"A critical examination of forecasts of precipitation for Washington, D. C., January to November, 1933, inclusive,

as appearing on the Daily Weather Maps issued by the United States Weather Bureau, presents somewhat startling evidence of the demonstrated condition prevailing in the Weather Bureau, and the need of radical reform not only through the introduction of a scientific approach to the study of modern meteorology, but in the personnel of the Bureau itself. In examining the data from which has been collected the record of success and failure in forecasts of precipitation, I have learned toward a liberal interpretation of the forecasts in order to avoid any accusation of unfairness in obtaining the adverse results."

Two years ago a committee from the American Society of Civil Engineers undertook a critical examination of the Government Weather Bureau and its activities. In the course of the report on the investigation it found:

"A widespread feeling of dissatisfaction in the engineering profession in regard to the type and direction of Weather Bureau activity. Research in meteorology by the Bureau . . . has not kept pace with the growing importance or utilization of this type of data, nor with research in other lines of science, either pure or applied."

The activities of the Bureau have developed into more or less routine or mechanical procedure. Even without consideration of specific needs or new conditions as they arise. Being largely for the purpose of short time forecasting.

Too much centralization of authority, responsibility and initiative in the office of the Chief of Weather Bureau exists at present to allow the development of proper initiative, morale and activities on the part of the personnel of the Bureau. There is a decided lack of educational background among its employees."

Mr. Brown says the committee of the American Society of Civil Engineers felt that the public is entitled to a "new deal" in weather forecasting. With all the facilities of observation, the most modern instruments, the most complete facilities and, presumably, some skill in understanding what winds, clouds, temperature, etc., indicate, Mr. Brown feels that there is no excuse for the present misleading the public and guessing wrong more often than it guesses right.

Science Brings Funeral Styles Up To Date

MODERN inventions and the spirit of modern times, until lately, seem to have had but little influence on at least one human institution, the funeral. People have kept on getting buried in just about the same way their forefathers did. There have been minor variations, of course, but the essential formulas remained pretty much the same.

A number of recent examples, however, seem to indicate that the funeral is about to be brought into tune with the mechanical age. One case in particular, which occurred just a few weeks ago represents a distinct advance over anything that preceded it.

If Jean Peters had died before the invention of radio, her parents would have had to endure the additional sorrow of seeing their daughter buried without the benefit of a formal church service.

The seventeen-year-old girl was a victim of infantile paralysis, and as that is a disease which is highly contagious her home was placed under strict quarantine regulations which made it impossible, even after death had occurred, for anyone but the doctor and undertaker either to go in or come out.

Mr. and Mrs. Peters besought their pastor by telephone to help them out of the difficulty and when after some thought, he made a rather remarkable suggestion, they welcomed it immediately. The following afternoon they entered the room where their daughter lay in her coffin and turned on the radio. Then they sat down and bowed their heads just as though they were really in church. A moment later the house was miraculously filled with organ music. When this had faded away, the voice of the Rev. A. Kelford could be heard, beginning the funeral service in the Evangelical Lutheran Church of Williamsport, ten miles from the Peters' home. Burial took place when the radio service was over.

Another modern invention figured prominently in the funeral of the Reverend "Golgother" Morrill, famous author, globe-trotter, and clergyman. Being a minister himself, the Reverend Morrill saw no reason why the important assignment of preaching his funeral sermon should be given to someone else. So he prepared for the event well in ad-



The Mourners Sat Down with Bowled Heads Beside the Bier, and Listened to the Service As It Came to the Quarantined House by Radio, the Clergyman Being Miles Away from the Town. Not Only Was There a Sermon, but the Music of a Pipe Organ Filled the Room.

vance by having a few well-chosen words recorded on a phonograph record.

Not many people knew of the clergyman's plans, however, and, following his death at a later date, there was considerable astonishment among the congregation attending the funeral at the sight of a phonograph perched jauntily on the casket. It was an old style type of machine with a flare horn and presently the deceased's voice came blaring forth out of the horn, bringing a message of good cheer to the assembly. Dr. Morrill had apparently been feeling pretty well at the time the recording was done.

Bargain funerals on sale for as low as \$2.40 in (of all places) a department store, sound like the bad dream of an American efficiency expert. The statement, however, is no dream but a fact and, oddly enough, there is nothing American about it. It was the Japanese who thought up the idea and put it into practice.

For the lowest price (approximately \$2.40) the Mitaka-shi department store in Osaka will provide a customer with a plain white wood hearse. Its driver and his assistant will wear cutaway coats and the company guarantees that they will be men of dignified expression. Formal clothes will be lent to the mourners.

The explanation of why such advanced methods should be applied to funerals first of all in Japan (as far as business is concerned, a comparatively backward country), is to be found perhaps in the fact that the Japanese rate life much less dearly than most Westerners. The recklessness with which they commit suicide, for example, is notorious. And catastrophes involving the deaths of numerous people seem to occur more frequently in that part of the world than anywhere else.

The elaborate gangster funerals which were celebrated with such alarming frequency during the past decade contributed substantially brand new to the history of the funeral. Joe (the Baker) Catania, Joe (the Boss) Masseria, Frankie (Yale) Yale, and many others were all buried with their friends described as \$10,000 or \$15,000 coffins, although funeral managers put the costs much lower. One or two of the latter, in fact, even went so far as to hint that in some cases a silver coffin case was rented for the occasion and then returned, the unfortunate body being interred in nothing more de luxe than iron.

But whether this was so or not, the ceremonies certainly looked expensive and the floral displays always cut a figure. Dion O'Banion, slain Chicago gangster, had twenty-five auto loads of flowers in the procession that saw him to the grave and Joe the Baker had forty. They may not have been the most high-class flowers but they looked well. And anyway, the purchasers probably figured, what difference did it make if they were orchids or not, orchids would only be wasted on guys who could not tell a penny from a sweet pea.

3 More Actresses Victims of "Du Barry Jinx"

Death, Mystery, Love Griefs and Money Troubles Seem to Dog the Footsteps of Those Who Star in the Play Based on the Life of the Great French Courtesan



Gitta Alpar, the Young Hungarian Actress Who Took Kathlyn Hilliard's Place After Her Death, Collapsed on the Stage and Is Now Hopelessly Ill in a Sanatorium.



Kathlyn Hilliard, the English Actress Who Took Anny Ahlers' Place as Star in "Du Barry," and Died Not Long After It.

YET another stage star, who until recently was playing the title role in "The Du Barry," the popular but strangely unlucky musical play about Louis XV of France's favorite mistress, seems to have fallen victim to the "Du Barry" curse.

In this case the victim was Miss Gitta Alpar, a beautiful Hungarian actress who was playing this curiously ill-fated part in the production of "The Du Barry" in Vienna. While on the stage, putting her whole heart and soul in the rendering of Madame Du Barry's magnetic and electrical personality, she was seized with a very serious and prolonged fainting fit, and was forbidden by her doctors to continue playing the highly nerve-racking part. The production of "The Du Barry," which ran for a year in London, was darkened by real life tragedies. Actors and stage hands assert there is a sinister influence about this play of a King's mistress who reigned as the glittering favorite of his court for five years after her startling rise from the gutter.

Du Barry—what pomp and intrigue, passion and drama, the name conjures! She was born with the homely-sounding name of Marie Jeanne Bécu. She married a Comte Jean Du Barry. It was a sordid arrangement, because he only wanted her to act as his gambling decoy and Jeanne filled the bill splendidly, for though she was a little adventuress of lowly birth, first discovered in a disreputable Paris resort, she was of such surpassing beauty and wit that soon, as the King's recognized favorite, she was dandling Louis XV and his glittering, dissolute court.

But later she paid indirectly for her follies, for in the Autumn of her life during the French Revolution when royalty was falling, she was guillotined.

Gitta Alpar was originally intended to star in the London production of "The Du Barry," but, as it happened, Miss Alpar had just got married to Gustav Frolich, the Vienna film star, and love's young dream intervened in the shape of a honeymoon, so that Miss Anny Ahlers, the German star, was chosen instead.

It was fortunate for Miss Alpar, and tragic for poor Anny Ahlers, for though Miss Ahlers scored a tremendous success in the London production, the nervous strain it imposed upon her was too much for her frail, highly strung artistic temperament. Her death during the run of the play in London created a tragic sensation in theatrical and society circles a few months ago.

Beautiful, high-spirited and gifted, Anny Ahlers came to London at the invitation of Mr. Stanley Scott, a well-known producer. Red-haired, of magnetic personality and with remarkable



Mrs. Leslie Carter, as She Appeared at the Height of Her Fame in the Role of Du Barry, Before Her Disastrous Break With Belasco.

talent, she was an instantaneous success. She sang beautifully, and had learnt how to speak English in record time. She lived in her part. Her vitality on the stage was amazing, and she kept her fellow players at concert-pitch, her audiences spell-bound. But the part exhausted her so much, for she was not always in good health, that when the curtain had been rung down she was invariably in a state of collapse, and would be to go straight home and to bed in her Duchesse street apartment.

She often had to drink brandy during the acts to keep herself going, and she had to take drugs to induce sleep at night. But she was obsessed with her part, and often her maid found her sleep-walking.

"I always sleep-walk when the moon is out," Anny told her, laughing gaily afterwards, for when not worn out by her part, she was a sweet and delightful girl and was beloved of all. She used to dream that she was the Du Barry when the drugs allowed her overwrought brain to sleep, and another time her maid found her asleep at her piano, practicing her scales and songs. She was terribly troubled by illness. She had a throat affection that threatened her voice, and was terrified lest she could not continue playing Du Barry during the long run of the play.

Once she collapsed on the stage, and for some weeks had to rest.

Her part was taken by Kathlyn Hilliard, an English actress, and the wife of George Baker, the singer. Kathlyn had a great success also in the name-part. She was acclaimed with as much enthusiasm as Miss Ahlers had been, for her interpretation of the ill-starred mistress of Louis XV was almost as good as that of Anny Ahlers,



The French Actress Laurette Davignone, Who Was Injured in a Stage Accident While She Was Appearing in the Unlucky Play. And Above, a Miniature Portrait of Miss Du Barry.

who, in the meanwhile, was down in the country fighting to regain her health and a grip on her nerves.

Anny Ahlers won what she hoped would be a lasting victory. She returned to the theatre to play Du Barry. London gave her a rapturous welcome, and once more she sank her identity in her part, and became Du Barry who loved, shined, sang and intrigued. She lived on her nerves—she thought she could hold out until the end of the run. But all the time she was suffering with her throat—she had to have one operation—and she was haunted with the dread of breaking down again.

Her torment did not mar her performance or her exquisite beauty. Admirers came to see her over and over again, so extraordinary was her fascination. Then she fell ill again and stayed out of the show for a few days. One day, just as her doctor called to see her, her maid missed her—the bed was empty and the window curtains were blowing ominously. Doctor and maid

as well as the run of the play, for no one could be found who cared to take her place.

Two actresses known to millions of Americans shared the "Du Barry hoodoo" and won triumph from the role—and later, seemingly, disaster. They are Mrs. Leslie Carter, whose name two decades ago was almost a synonym for "Du Barry" because of her success in the play, and Pola Negri, who played the silent motion picture version, billed in American theatres under the name of "Fasion." These stars were not threatened by death, illness or injury while they were impersonating "Du Barry," but Mrs. Carter after touring America in "Du Barry," went bankrupt with debts of \$194,000, and Pola Negri, ever since her first great hit in "Fasion," has had a long succession of griefs, tragedies and disappointments in love.

A verdict of suicide while of unsound mind was returned at the inquest, though many people still say that poor, beautiful Anny Ahlers did not kill herself deliberately, but fell out of the window accidentally while dazed with sleeping draughts and distraught with anguish at the thought of being unable to carry on with the acting that had become part of her very being.

In the first act of the play the Du Barry effects an escape by climbing out of a window and on to a balcony. It is quite possible that in Miss Ahlers' physical pain and mental agony, she confused the play with reality and fell accidentally to her death as her friends maintained.

Two French actresses, Lucille de Tours and Laurette Davignone, are also among the stage folk who have been set down in years past as victims of the "Du Barry hoodoo." It was not the recent musical revival of the courtesan's story in which they had a part, but the earlier French version by the dramatist Richepin. Mile. de Tours was stricken ill and died after a brief appearance in the unlucky role, and Laurette Davignone suffered a stage accident which ended her engagement

leaving Belasco she toured the country independently in "Du Barry" and the tour was a big success. But like the spendthrift French favorite, Mrs. Carter did not manage her affairs wisely under her own management.

She went into bankruptcy owing debts of \$104,000. Many times afterwards she had money troubles, and was discharged from bankruptcy only to go under again. Even in recent years she has still been accounted a great actress, but she never got back to the peak she had reached with Belasco. Once she suggested that "Du Barry" be revived, but managers shook their heads. They would have nothing to do with that unlucky play.

Ernst Lubitsch, the moving picture director; Emil Jennings, the actor, and Pola Negri, once one of the most celebrated of screen stars, all owe their American success to the fact that Pola, then a screen actress in Berlin, made a hit in "Fasion," as the Du Barry film Europe. Du Barry had brought her also caused her removal to Hollywood, and that brought on the divorce from her husband, Count Eugene Dombaki, the first of a long succession of griefs and disappointments in love. Divorce, death or discouragement jinxed all her affairs—with the Hungarian artist Tade Stylen, with Charlie Chaplin, with Rudolph Valentino, who died, with Prince Serge Midvanti, from whom she was divorced. The "hoodoo" followed her, too, in her stage and screen career. She could not recapture, in the talking pictures, the audiences of millions who had admired her in the silent days. Illness interfered with her stage appearances. Only recently, while touring in a play which promised to be highly successful, she broke down and was compelled to leave the cast.

Miss Negri doesn't blame "Du Barry" for all her hard luck, marital and otherwise, but there are many other stage and screen people who do, for they are a superstitious craft. The chances are it will not be revived again soon, either in this country or in any other.

"The Du Barry" continued for a while without Anny Ahlers, but the soul had gone out of it, the cast never felt the same, and the play with tragic associations soon withdrew. Mrs. Carter said that no star was brave enough to take Anny's place, for people began to feel there was something un lucky in playing the name-part.

The tragedy of Anny Ahlers was recalled recently when, after "Du Barry" leading lady died. In this time it was Kathlyn Hilliard who took over "The Du Barry" role from Anny and allowed her to have that sorely-needed rest shortly before her return and her sad death. Miss Kathlyn Hilliard was also young, beautiful and talented, but she, too, collapsed and was taken ill. She died soon after in a nursing home in Worthing, England.

So that when the other day lovely Gitta Alpar collapsed on a Viennese stage while playing the strenuous, scintillating role of ill-fated Madame Du Barry, people began to whisper that there was really something un happily evil and unlucky about this play. The other Du Barry tragedies were recalled—Anny Ahlers—her collapse—her pitiful end—Kathlyn Hilliard's untimely death.

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The Latest Inventions

At Last Crooners Can Hear Themselves as Others Hear Them, Autos Can Fly (Maybe), the "Non-Stoop" Shampoo Makes Hair-Washing a Delight, and All Sorts of New Devices Take the Worry Out of Living



"Torch" Song or Lullaby, It Makes No Difference to the "Vocalphone," Which Lets the Singer Hear Himself Just as the Audience Hears Him.

PULLEYS will jack-up your automobile, a wire gadget on the ironing board prevent the electric cord from musing clothes, and a mechanical device installed on trolley cars will call the names of streets loud and clear—so inventors at the National Inventors Congress, recently held in Denver Colorado, announced.

Over two hundred exhibits greeted the eyes of curious spectators, almost as many inventors were there in person, loudly proclaiming their appliances. "One hundred per cent perfect," declared each one, "all you do is press a button, move a lever, release a spring or pedal." And with a million-dollar-twinkle in his eye, each was enthusiastically demonstrating that the thing-umabob would work.

Yes, but what of it? This discouraging question was asked by visitors in some cases. On the other hand, there were many, outstanding inventions, according to the managers of the Congress and the committee of judges, devices large and small that would change the every day affairs of life—waiting to be put to work, to relieve men and women of unpleasant tasks and hard labor.

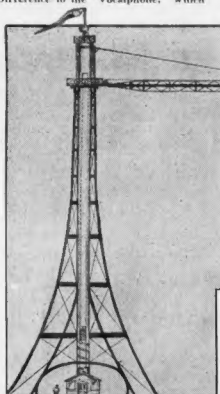
Not only men and women but beasts as well, according to Harold Emich, Walden, Colorado, inventor of the Snow Plane. He believes his invention will soon be doing the work of dog teams in the Yukon and many parts of Canada as it can cover more miles in an hour than do the dogs in one long day.

The snow plane has already proven its worth in remote regions of the Rocky Mountains where snow shoes and airplanes are the only means of transportation during the winter months. It is large enough to transport food and other necessities. With its speed of sixty miles per hour it has been a blessing to those living in isolated ranch homes, where doctors and medicine have been rushed on emergency calls.

It is really a combination sled, auto and airplane—has three runners, is driven like an auto and steered with the tall rudder, like an airplane. It can take off at a moment's notice from any point, taxi over the highest drifts, needs neither road nor trail.

Another device, for landing and take-off of airplanes, which won the Silver Award in the class "out of the ordinary," may also become useful in mountainous regions. It is designed for installation on the tops of buildings, mountains or it may be attached to the masts of battleships.

It consists of a long overhanging arm, to be raised or lowered, from which is suspended a cable with ring attached. To take off, the airplane contacts the ring, the arm is raised and swings round and round until the pilot



A Merry-Go-Round Catapult Which Will, It Is Hoped, Launch Airplanes from Battleship Masts, Mountain Peaks, or Most Any Old High Spot.

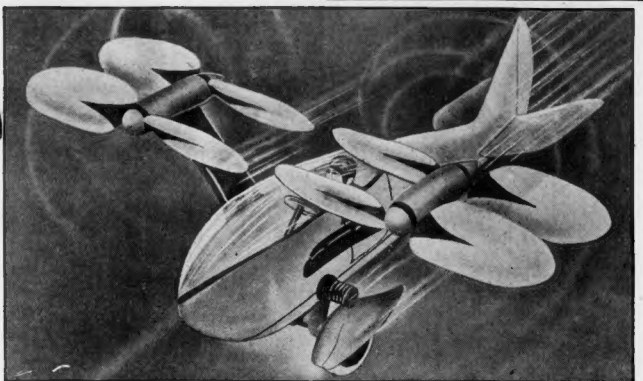
has acquired a flying speed. Then he releases the contact trigger and is off. To land, the operation is reversed.

Many inventors at the Congress are beyond doubt transportation-minded. A number of contrivances along this line were brought out. Foot rests, arm rests and head rests for the comfort of passengers, and according to their inventors they do really rest. Also a serving tray? This is nothing more than a metal shelf ten inches by three feet, suspended from top of car by leather straps at a convenient height in front of front seat passengers. Meals-en-roule if you like.

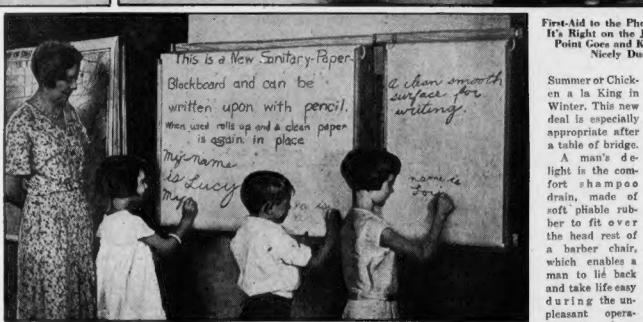
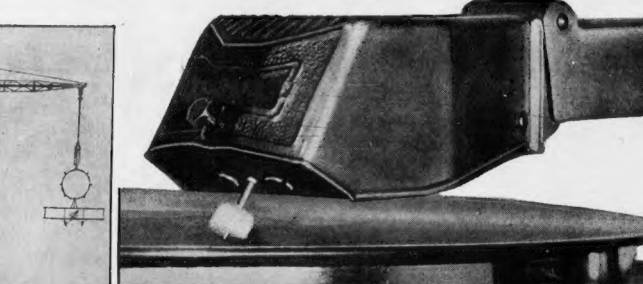
Eugene Boots of Denver is determined to take the backache out of changing tires with a new type auto jack. To raise a car the operator simply pulls a window sash cord slowly through six pulleys of the device. After the tire is changed he slowly releases the cord.

But if the driver has previously installed the automatic tire pump, invented by James Nordquist, Denver, he may not even have to use the wavy lifting jack. The tire pump takes care of small leaks according to the inventor. It is attached to the brake drum of each wheel and automatically inflates the tire while the car is running. It is controlled by a diaphragm which locks and unlocks the pumping lever, working on a spiral spring.

F. L. Orr got his head busy on making driving easy. The result, a variable speed transmission that takes the



This Auto-Airplane Not Only Will Fly Like a Bird (So the Inventor Says) But Will "Take Off" From the Front Lawn or the Roof of a Building.



Sanitary Cups, Sanitary Towels—Why Not a Sanitary Blackboard? Only This One Is White and It's Made of Paper, Reversible So Both Sides Can Be Used.

brakes out of the car as well as clutch and gear shift. Acceleration is controlled by the operation of one lever, controlled by the steering wheel.

But all inventors could not keep their minds and wheels upon the ground. Paul M. Lewis had on exhibition the model of his auto-airplane which is expected to travel upon the ground when necessary, but its principal use is for air flight. And according to him, it will fly like a bird, dart here, there and yonder, take off from a vacant lot or the top of a building. If this plane does all the inventor claims, it will not only revolutionize flying but make one of the prophecies come true. "Who are these that fly as a cloud, and as the doves to their windows?" Isaiah 60:8.

Be that as it may, the invention won the Gold Award of the Congress. The demonstrations have been so gratifying that a one man plane, conforming to the model, is now under construction.

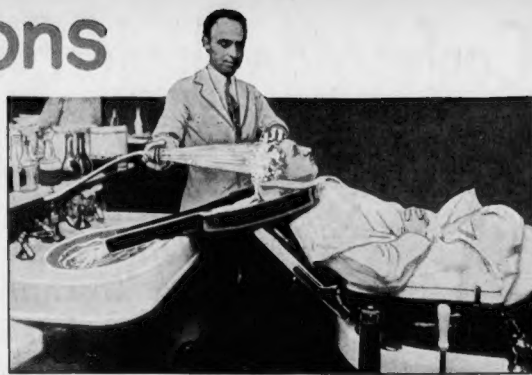
Coming down to earth again, the automatic drop washing machine is avowed to be a menace to blue Mondays, its operation being so quick and simple. After the clothes are washed a slit on back side of washer allows the soiled water to flow away as the rinse water runs in through another opening. The water continues to run away until the rinsing is completed, then the clothes are automatically dropped into a receptacle which is used as a conveyor to the extractor.

Among the inventions drawing attention are many small articles for use in the home: long handle, never hot, pot lifters, a tray to keep food warm, and a lock that is said to hold the mixing bowl steadfast to the kitchen table. But a woman's delight is in the form of a waffle iron, patented in two designs, one for making waffles deep like a pie crust, the other a patty shell with rim, for filling with fresh fruits in

has long been waiting for. The inventor is entitled to a monument and his picture in the Hall of Fame.

Another one for mere man is a humidifier that actually fills the pipe. It is operated with one hand and contains a plunger which automatically tamps tobacco into the pipe bowl. With the humidifier in reach of an easy chair, a smoker can reach out to refill without so much as raising his head. "Let inventions do the work," must have been in the mind of Benjamin Howard, the inventor.

It is said that very few people recognize their own voices when heard over the radio or from a phonograph record. But Mr. Rap Woodruff, a Los Angeles voice teacher, has invented a device which enables a singer to hear himself or herself sing just as the audience hears them. Some of the radio crooners and announcers ought to be



No More Bending Over a Basin for That Barber's Rinse—the "Non-Stoop" Shampoo Tray Lets the Water Run Off Without Disturbing the Patron.

made to listen in on themselves with this device.

And very soon our coffee is to come in cellophane, a whole pound put up in two, four or six cup packs, according to F. A. Lorents, Oakland, California. The pack retains the aroma, as only the desired amount will be opened each day. It also does away with the uncertainty of measuring coffee.

Among small items, the very smallest one is the fluffy felt pad, attached to a recording needle, for removing dust from a phonograph record. Aside from dusting, it reduces needle vibration, eliminates overtones, and makes needle handling easier, an especial advantage to radio announcers where rapid needle-changing is important.

Another small item is the Cuddle Curler, invented by Elvora Baldwin, Denver, made to do the work of a beauty operator. With its use a woman can dress her own hair in any of the new modes without anyone's help. It is claimed the curler is so soft it will not disturb the rest of the night.

One of the very newest ideas in the way of inventions is the sanitary paper "blackboard" built by James Lingel, a school janitor. He figured if he could remove the unwholesome chalk dust from the school room he would be doing a great service. The new "blackboard" is really white paper which unrolls as needed over a metal sheet, quite like a kodak film. For economy the roll is reversible for writing upon both sides. A pencil is used.

Some forty years ago the water pail with its germ laden dipper was banned from the school room. About a quarter-century later the mussy unsanitary slate, with its accompanying clutter went the same route. And who knows? Perhaps the dusty blackboard will some day be only a memory.

Speaking of memories, some bright minded people are clever enough to assemble small contrivances to actually do the remembering for us. One is the get-gas alarm gage. It is a cylinder which houses a float and takes the place of the cap in the gas tank. It is wound by being screwed into the opening where the old cap was. Set the float at the level you want the alarm to ring, then you do not have to remember when you last purchased gas. When there are only one, two, or three gallons of gas in the car it will go "ding-ding-ding" for thirty seconds. "At the invention do the remembering," says Joseph Rosenberg, patentee.

Then there is the blue-tell water saver, invented by F. A. Lorents, Oakland, California, a small brass collar about one inch wide threaded on the inside with a "screw" type. When installed inside the overflow pipe of the toilet, it is supposed to send a blue stream into the toilet bowl as quick as the plumbing becomes defective. "I'm telling you," says the little brass collar, "it's time to call the plumber."

If some one could, only think up some sort of contrivance to do the worrying for us, what a world it would be! Judging from the display at the Congress it may not be impossible. Already there is a sleep arrester to keep motorists awake while driving. Just a gadget with a small heat coil. It is expected to supply enough heat to the base of the brain to normalize circulation, thus keeping the driver wide awake and gay. The worrying machine may follow.

Confessed at Murder So He Could Prove His Innocence

The Ingenious Scheme of Frederick Field Who Knew the London Police and All the Neighbors Believed He Strangled Pretty Nora Upchurch but Couldn't Quite Fasten the Crime on Him

The Duplicates of the Key Which Figured So Largely in the Mystery of Nora Upchurch's Murder.

LONDON, Jan. 12. FRED H. FIELD, electrical sign expert, accompanied by a helper, unlocked the door of an empty shop on Shaftesbury Avenue and stumbled over a young woman's body. The two men promptly did the proper thing, going in search of a policeman but little dreaming that this was the opening scene of one of the strangest dramas ever staged in a British murder trial.

There happened to be two London "Bobbies" talking together and both accompanied the excited workmen back to the shop.

A brief examination of the huddled form on the floor and the two policemen straightened up.

"Looks as if she had been strangled with her own belt," said one. The other nodded and stepped out to telephone. Presently he returned and then began a questioning of the two men which seemed to them rather perfunctory and unimportant. Each tried to out-ride the other in volunteering information. It was the first time either had been connected with a murder case and they would have their pictures in the paper, perhaps.

The arrival of a group of men from Scotland Yard interrupted this proceeding. The policeman who had done most of the questioning escorted and reported to the chief inspector.

"This man here is just a helper and doesn't seem to know anything about the case," said the policeman. "At these words, Field saw an expression of disappointment on the face of his helper, who knew he would get little notice in the papers. "But," the policeman went on, "this man Field had the keys and a key."

"I was here four days ago, alone," that word "admit" gave Field the first intimation of what the net of circumstance was dragging him into. Every eye in the room turned on him. Still, the expressions of the detectives and the two policemen were neither hostile nor sympathetic, merely intent and speculative. What really upset him was the sudden look of suspicion cast at him by his helper, a fellow workman whom he had known less than an hour.

"I say—you don't think I did it?" he blurted out.

"Too early to form any opinions," answered the chief inspector in a matter-of-fact tone, "but you'll have to come with us to the Yard and answer a few questions."

"But I tell you I never saw this woman before in my life," Field protested.

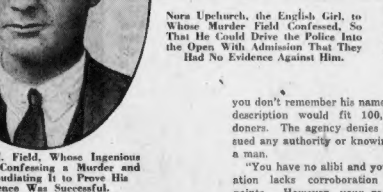
"Then you have nothing to worry about," the inspector assured him in the same casual voice. "In England nobody ever was hanged for a murder he didn't commit."

This sounded encouraging, and—in his case it was to prove true again. Little did Field realize that later he would have to return to a trial, unknown in the annals of British crime, to force the authorities to try to hang him.

At the central office they plied him with questions, keeping him in seclusion during the intervals in which they checked up his statements. Field declined the services of a lawyer. He was innocent, had nothing to hide and the sooner these inquisitors found out all they wanted to know the sooner he would be freed. Gradually he began to see that his story did not sound convincing.



Frederick H. Field, Whose Ingenious Scheme of Confessing a Murder and Then Repudiating It to Prove His Innocence Was Successful.



Nora Upchurch, the English Girl, to Whose Murder Field Confessed. So That He Could Drive the Police Into the Open With Admission That They Had No Evidence Against Him.

When they asked him to return the keys he informed them that these had been given to a man who had appeared just as he was leaving, with an order from the agency to let him have access as a possible tenant. Nobody seemed to know who this man might be but no question was raised at the time, and later Field was given duplicates. Four days later he had been sent for to do further work on that same shop and found another electrician waiting for him at the agency with a key. The two men had walked directly to the shop, unlocked it and made the discovery. This was all there was to it, as Field thought when he first told the story but not when the detectives got through with him.

Investigation confirmed that he had done about the amount of work he claimed but, by his own admission, it had taken him at least an hour longer to walk home than was necessary. His explanation was that he had lugged to look in shop windows, to listen to a soap box orator and to watch a street fight. The detectives agreed that he might have done these things, but nobody had seen him and he had no corroborators.

The body meanwhile was identified as that of Miss Nora Upchurch, a girl of the highest reputation. Nobody ever offered any evidence that she and Field had ever met, at least before the night of the murder. But Nora had left her home and gone to the vicinity of that shop about the time Field said he had left it. Circumstantial evidence suggested strongly that he had lured the pretty girl into the shop, and when she resisted his advances strangled her with her own belt, during that missing hour. The murderer had undoubtedly possessed a key.

"But I left a man with a key in the shop," Field told them. "Why don't you find him?"

"We would try if you would give us a clue," replied the detectives. "We have only your word for it that there is such a man. For you merely looked at that paper from the agency,

you don't remember his name and your description would fit 100,000 Londoners. The agency denies having issued any authority or knowing of such a man."

"You have no alibi and your explanation lacks corroboration at vital points. However, your record as a husband and father is good and you answer questions without hesitation. You will not be hanged or even tried until we find more evidence against you. So don't worry and see what the Coroner's jury says."

What those gentlemen said was brief and unpleasant. After listening to both sides they handed up the following verdict:

"Every link in this case of circumstantial evidence points to Field as the murderer. But for one missing link this chain would be complete."

The missing link was lack of positive evidence that he had not left just before the girl arrived. While they were working on that link, the authorities let Field go home with a warning not to try to leave his neighborhood. Then came the worst shock of all. His daughter, Nancy, then 7 years old, stared at him open mouthed a moment and then sobbed:

"Daddy didn't do it. I won't believe it."

It had never occurred to Field that his daughter would even know that he had been suspected. His wife insisted with equal vehemence that she too would always have faith in him. They acted as if they were taking his part against the whole world. For the first time he realized that this was just the situation. The whole world thought him guilty.

The murder of this innocent girl had unusually roused London. The papers had printed both sides in full but few had believed his story. There was much criticism that he was free to roam the streets and no doubt run away. Neighbors gave him that same look as had his helper when he shrank away from him at the shop. It was useless to argue because they had all heard his story. Little Nancy stopped playing with her friends and dressed to go to school. The children had also voted her father guilty.

The unhappy man obtained permission from the police to move to another part of the city but his picture

had been printed in the papers and in a few days the family were as much perished there as at home. Being an exceptionally good man in his specialty, Field had always found plenty of work but now suddenly nobody wanted him.

But he was energetic and almost but not quite got jobs in parts of the city where he had never been before. Usually at the last minute he was recognized and not wanted. Unable to get work in his line he looked for it as an ordinary electrician and did better. Frequently he was taken on, but never for long because someone would spot him and that would be the end of it. He managed to get enough to just keep his family alive but that was all. From time to time he read that the police were working on his case and often asked them if they had found anything. The reply was always negative and always they told him not to worry because they doubted if he would ever be tried.

Not much consolation in that for a man who sometimes found himself stopped in the street by curious strangers who asked if he wasn't Field, the man in the Soho District murder. He wanted to punch their impudent faces but that would have meant more publicity.

Finally to his joy the police agreed to let him leave London. With renewed hope the haunted man commenced writing letters for work in Scotland, Wales, Ireland and even Australia. Three times arrangements were settled and the family all packed to move when discovery spoiled his chances.

One night, sitting on the Thames embankment in a frame of mind about ready for hard luck, he listened to exchange of hard luck stories among a group of human derelicts who hadn't worked for years. Somehow he was moved to relate his own troubles. They all knew of him and were interested. Here was a man starving in the midst of plenty of jobs. It was a novel problem and for some time there was no suggestion of help. Finally a battered old tramp poked up:

"You say you didn't kill the girl. If

Field, the Electrical Expert, Opened the Door of the Shop and There at His Feet Lay the Body of a Girl Who Had Been Strangled. And It Was Not Until He Had Confessed to Her Murder That He Was Declared "Not Guilty," by a Jury, and Could Rid Himself of Official Suspicion.

that is true what you need is a trial. Then they've got to either hang you or declare you innocent."

"I know that," said Field, "but they won't try me until they have a strong enough case, which will be never." "Make it strong," advised the old tramp. "Go in and confess. Then they'll have to try you."

"Yes, and the jury will have to convict me," answered Field bitterly. "Not at all," argued the old man. "A confession isn't good in court if it is repudiated. They'll have to prove it is true. And if you're innocent, they can't. So the jury will have to bring in a verdict of 'not guilty.' I read about a fellow in a story who was in a pickle like yours. He went around to the appeals and one day London read that they put him on trial, and as there was nothing against him, the jury brought in a verdict of 'not guilty.' That's what you want to get."

At this Field walked away, but the more he considered, the more the idea appealed and one day London read that "Field the Soho murderer had confessed."

He had walked into the Marlborough Police Station, in London, with a friend and announced:

"I have come to give myself up. I am Frederick Field and I murdered Nora Upchurch."

"We always thought so," said the police official on duty. "But we could never prove it."

The detailed confession fitted the police theory perfectly. It was, in fact, where Field got it. He said he had lured the girl into the shop and strangled her when she resisted him. The case came to trial at famous

Old Bailey and the prosecution's evidence, consisting mostly of that confession, was complete in a few hours. For the defense the only witness was the accused who told the whole story in silence until he came to the old tramp's advice. A pronouncement of dismay darkened the faces of the prosecution and the spectators began to whisper. Then when he dramatically denounced his own confession as a lie to get himself into that witness chair so that he could deny it, he had murdered the girl, or, indeed, had ever seen her, there was an uproar in the court.

Mr. Justice Swift asked the prosecution if it was prepared to prove the statements in the confession and the prosecution admitted that it was not.

The judge, as astonished as anyone, told Field that he had taken an unwarranted liberty in playing such a trick on a high court of justice and should be censured. The prisoner said that he regretted the necessity, but asked the judge what he himself would have done in such a situation.

His Worship did not reply, but turning to the jury, charged them to return a verdict of "not guilty." They did so without rising from their seats.

Field's two years of justice and agony were over, for London accepted the verdict as clearing the man. He said that the worst anguish of all was the fact that from the time he made his confession to his repudiation of it in court, only his wife and his lawyer were in the secret. They dared not tell little Nancy, now nine years old. Therefore for several months the child had to believe that her father had admitted the murder.

The Most Unfortunate Baby In All The World

Death of the Dalai Lama Starts a Search Throughout Tibet for a Child Who Will Be Worshiped as a God But Be Put to Sleep by Blasts from Brazen Trumpets, Have Skulls on His Rattles, Hideously Masked Dancers to Amuse Him and Must Memorize Everything His Predecessor Knew



The Band That Keeps the Baby Awake All Night Until It Gets Used to Horns, Drums, Cymbals and Other Noise-Making Instruments—This Serenade Is Supposed to Keep the Devil Away From the Poor Little Baby Dalai Lama.

A Skull-Masked Devil-Dancer Whose Antics the Baby Is Supposed to Enjoy—and Who Would Probably Throw Any Civilized Infant Into Convulsions.



Not Only the Dalai Lama, But Other Holy Men Are Supposed to Be Reincarnated in Babies, and This Shows the Little "Great Immortal White Lama" Who Is Worshiped as a Divine Being at the Ulsky-Dzang Monastery in Mongolia, a Buddhist Country Like Tibet.



The Late Dalai Lama Whose "Reincarnation" in the Body of a Baby Born at the Instant He Died Is Now Being Sought Throughout Tibet.

Palden Lhamo, the Blood-Drinking Goddess of Tibet, One of the "Eight Terribles." With Whom the Baby Must Become As Familiar As Christian Children With Santa Claus.



One of the Baby Lama's Magician Subjects Practising "Turno," or the Ability to Generate Heat in His Own Body Without Clothes: He Is Standing, Naked in a Temperature of Many Degrees Below Zero.

SOMEWHERE in mysterious Tibet is an unfortunate little baby who has become a god through no fault of his own. But that will not prevent him from being exceedingly unhappy, for he will be reared in a system of perpetual torment, and will probably die prematurely.

This baby has become a "Living Buddha" through the death of the Dalai Lama of Tibet, the "Ocean of Virtue," the Priest King of a state ruled entirely by the higher priests, called lamas, of the Buddhist religion.

When the Dalai Lama died recently, his divinity flew out of the top of his head and settled in the unfortunate child. The dominating lama of the country, guided by the stars and other more practical influences, were already waiting for certain signs which would reveal the divinity of the child beyond question, and in order that they might be able to choose one to suit themselves the signs appear in a number of babies. There are said to be fifteen living Buddhas in the world, and if the amount of virtue existing among men was sufficient to call for it the number might be increased. There are estimated to be about 500,000 lamas in Tibet; the population of 3,000,000 and there are 10,000 always around the unfortunate Dalai Lama in his extraordinary temple-palace, called the Potala at Lhasa.

The recently deceased Dalai Lama is believed to have been poisoned. That may have been because he was under English influence and was regarded with suspicion by great numbers of Buddhists and lamas in Tibet, China and other countries. In earlier generations the Dalai Lama used to die regularly at eighteen because the lamas said the living Buddha wished to occupy a new and unspoiled body, and also, it is supposed, because the lamas did not wish a mature Dalai Lama who might control them. They hid in mind, perhaps, the fact that one early Dalai Lama slew all who questioned his divinity.

But the late Dalai Lama proved a strong character, and reaped with great skill, up to the age of fifty-seven, many attempts to poison him and otherwise hasten his departure from his earthly and unworthy carcass. Advancing years and falling health finally made him less able to fight off the "messengers of heaven."

The method of selecting a new Dalai Lama is established by ancient custom and divine inspiration. A committee of reincarnated lamas of high rank has by this time discovered the little Liv-

ing Buddha. They consult astrologers and oracles and are guided by their advice.

Proceeding to the district indicated, the committee inquires for any child recently born, whose entrance into the world has been marked by portents or omens such as showers of shooting stars on its birth-night, trees budding out of season, domestic animals evincing signs of undue restlessness, or local crops being unexpectedly fruitful.

Possibly four or five children may be discovered. The committee then returns to Lhasa, where on an auspicious day the names of the candidates are written on separate slips of thin paper. Each is enclosed in a ball fashioned from barley dough, and these balls are placed in a golden vase. A religious service is then held during which the ball containing the name of the true incarnation is drawn from the vase.

When the last Dalai Lama was about to be selected the State Oracle of Nechung announced that the Living One would reincarnate in the district of Takpo, between Lhasa and Kongo, Tibet, the Abbot of the Ganden Monastery, set out for Takpo. On his way he saw reflected in a lake the figure of the child he sought, into which the previous Dalai Lama's soul had entered, and even the image of the house in which the wonderful infant had just been born. He found the house just as in vision, and the child passed triumphantly the customary tests of recognition of his predecessor's religious implements. The child selected always bears some miraculous mark of his divine destiny. The late Dalai Lama had two horn-like growths from his shoulders, blades, well-known peculiarities of the true incarnation. Some of the children have shown a miraculous impress of the bell used in Buddhist services on their skin.

From the time he is selected until he dies the baby is surrounded by his worshippers, who look upon him as the living Buddha. He is treated exactly as a god would be because to his worshippers he is actually a god. He always wears a crown and is dressed in robes. He is virtually a prisoner, and if at any time he should show too much initiative, cunning or resourcefulness to the council of priests who guard him—why the seat of the great Immortal White Lama" will speedily become tired of his present earthly tenement and another unfortunate baby will be found to take his place who will not

be able to give serious trouble to guardian priests for many years to come.

Anything quite as unlike the bringing up of any baby anywhere as the training of this unhappy infant could not be imagined. Other babies are cooed to sleep by their mothers with soft lullabies. When this baby goes to sleep his lullabies are terrible blasts of brazen trumpets, the shaking of bones, the beating of drums made of many skulls, the blowing of conch horns and the smiting of clanging gongs.

All this is a cruel ritual and its purpose is to frighten away any evil spirits who might be around the holy infant to keep him from going to sleep.

Mothers elsewhere shake pretty gleaming rattles for their babies, or let them shake them. The rattles of the divine infant are large affairs which no baby hands can grasp. They are strikingly ornamented with skulls and dangling bones, and are shaken at him by his lama-nurses. The main purpose of these is to keep away evil spirits which might take advantage of the tender youth of the living Buddha, use him for wicked purposes and try to turn him into a demon. These people do not seem to place much reliance on the divine character of their god.

One of his attractive toys is a demon-expelling double drum made of human brain pans.

Instead of the genial Santa Claus of Christmas, the colorful with costumes of Hallowe'en, the cloths of the circus and the other things that Western civilization provides to amuse children, the entertainers of the baby god wear huge skulls and light on their

to get at the real cause of his trouble, but to counteract the devilish charms. He will be forced to breathe the smoke from various unpleasant things, and his ears will be shattered by the din of devil-expelling drums and other instruments making hideous noises to discomfort the demon.

The baby will be constrained to learn all the early knowledge that each one of his predecessors possessed, a trying process for the average Tibetan lad, who is by nature a cheerful and playful youngster.

The induction of a new Dalai Lama is accompanied by weird and splendid ceremonies of interminable length. The most interesting of the ceremonies is the famous devil dance, a dance so grotesque and awe-inspiring that it strikes fear into the hearts of most adults seeing it for the first time. And upon all this the wondering eyes of the two-year-old child will have to look.

Every grotesque mask worn in the devil dance, every trumpet blast blown, every strange costume in which the actors appear has some peculiar religious significance, but the origin of the dance dates back so far into the past that today even the wisest of the lamas are unable to explain all the complicated symbolism.

For days and days before the induction of the new living Buddha the faithful come trooping from every direction to the place where it is to be held. All the pilgrims are in bright holiday attire and they make a gay picture as they wind their way along the roads. In these throngs the priests outnumber the laymen.

The priests fill the chief roles in the devil dance, which is the principal feature of the ceremonies. In the dance there are masks and costumes to make the wearers look like crows, eagles, yaks, pigs, bulls and chimera never seen outside of nightmares in Christian lands. The "Lord Dances" wear masks of snakes on his head and a rosary of

human heads around his neck.

The great climax of the dances comes on the last day, when the chief priest is supposed to offer a human sacrifice. Nowadays, it is said, stuffed figures are used instead of human beings, but they are so life-like that it makes a thrilling picture when the high priest plunges his gleaming knife into the body. No matter what may happen, it is absolutely essential that the baby should see this scene—and closely.

Among the other strange figures he sees in the dances are devil's wives, dressed all in black, with long black hair streaming down their backs; graveyard ghoulies in tight costumes on which are painted the bones of skeletons in white upon a red ground, and spirits from Paradise decorated with human skulls.

The death of the Living Buddha is necessarily surrounded with mystery, for many things happen about that time which would be a scandal if they were known. Those around him are skilled in the use of poisons and the death may appear a natural fading away of a divine being who wishes to leave the earth. It is also said that about the time of death they cut a hole in the top of the Dalai Lama's head, so that the divine spirit can get out easily and look around for a time before descending into another child. This would explain why the new Living Buddha is sometimes not selected at once.

Although the Living Buddha went into a new body, all that was left of the Dalai Lama was buried with weird rites by his 10,000 lamas in the Potala at Lhasa. It would require a library to describe the rites which continued for days and days. One ceremony alone will give an idea of their grotesque character. A model of a tiger fashioned from mud and straw, with open jaws and fangs, was prepared and driven out into the streets in the vanishing of evil spirits from Lhasa.

The body of the Dalai Lama is embalmed and placed in a huge mausoleum in Lhasa, around which he is respectfully chanted to keep all devils away. And the little Dalai Lama is growing up under such maddening conditions, must watch all this.

He must learn the character and history of a maddening number of different gods, goddesses and devils. Among these are the "Eight Terribles," of whom is the alarming Palden Lhamo, the blood-drinking goddess. She will become as familiar to him as Santa Claus to Christian children.

He has to learn the names of magicians among his race, many of whom practice "turno," or the ability to generate so much heat from their own bodies that they can live naked in the coldest weather. These magicians are said to be able to fly from the air and Madame Alexandra David-Neel, a distinguished European traveler, describes seeing them as they fly.

"With Mystics and Magicians in Tibet." The Dalai Lama is not the only one in whom Buddha is supposed to become reincarnated. The Living Buddha of the great Ulsky-Dzang Monastery, in Mongolia, has a similar character, and another baby in that country has to go through an agonizing experience like the Tibetan infant.

End of Mr. Weisbecker's "Butter-and-Egg" Romance

The Chain Store Millionaire and the Former Elise Hamilton, Follies Beauty, Should Have Been the Perfect Match---But Both Are Hunting for the Exit and the Butter-and-Eggs Went Somewhere Else, She Says



Mrs. Weisbecker in Her Follies Girl Days.

"ALL'S fair in love and war," they say.

Also it is said that every "big butter-and-egg man," so christened by the late Texas Guinan, naturally yearns for a Follies beauty, and that every Follies beauty naturally yearns for a big butter-and-egg man.

If so, there should not have been any trouble in 1915 when Charles Weisbecker, a millionaire owner of a chain of New York food markets, and Elise Hamilton, of the Ziegfeld Follies, found each other. It was what sport writers call "a natural," one of those matches that surely must have been made in heaven.

There is no need to explain why big butter-and-egg men like Follies girls because most all men do. But learned psychologists have worked out an explanation of why these "glorified" ladies prefer one of those food magnates to a "coal baron" or a "pansy king" of equal wealth. There seems to be a connection between heart-hunger and common, ordinary stomach-hunger.

For instance, Mr. Weisbecker had tons and tons not only of butter and eggs, but meat and all the other good things to eat which a Follies dancer must go almost without, on pain of losing her stream-line figure and job. But by marrying Weisbecker she could forget job and figure and enjoy that limitless supply of good things to eat.

So this ideal pair went to work on each other's affections so successfully that soon they were married. Whatever arts and wiles they used to lure each other to the altar, must have been fair enough. If Charles crowned "butter and eggs" into Elise's shell-like ear and if she crossed her perfect knees, dropped long long lashes on lovely cheeks and did other irresistible things, it must have been quite all right because neither made any complaint. Yet a few years later, having had plenty of each other's society, butter and eggs and one thing and another including two children, they advanced from the love to the war stage of development, nothing was fair according to the papers of their separation suit.

Early in her complaint Mrs. Weisbecker lists a lot of expensive and agreeable things which her husband handed to her, over and beyond mere butter and eggs. Taken all together these would indicate a most praiseworthy and desirable husband.

She says: "We occupied a 9-room duplex apartment at 15 W. 81st St., facing Manhattan Square Park and the American Museum of Natural History, the rent was \$450 per month."

"We employed a cook, housekeeper, two maids and a laundress. After the birth of Billy, in addition to the expenses of running the household and my own personal expenses, the sum of \$120 in addition paid for most of the clothes for the two boys. In summer we occupied a cottage at Southampton and Mr. W. also belonged to the Southampton Beach Club, the use of which he and I and the children had without restriction."

"Every winter we would take a trip south to Florida, or north to Lake Placid. Mr. W. joined the Boca Raton Club in Florida where cost \$1,000 and we would stop at the clubhouse. At

Mr. Weisbecker's "Boathouse" at Fashionable Southampton, L. I., where He Says His Wife Deserved Himself and His Friends.

Lake Placid we would stop at the best hotels.

"Our apartment at 15 W. 81st St. had special sunlight glass windows and special rugs were made for the floors, the lights were specially designed and installed and a radio in every room. He purchased a baby-grand piano for me for which he paid \$4,500. I should judge that the furnishings in our apartment alone required an outlay of about \$30,000."

All this luxurious joy is described, not that it was cruel in itself, but to show how awful, after a woman has become used to it, is the pain of having it snatched away or even the threat of it. Her complaint continues:

"In September, 1931, while we were living at 15 W. 81st St., my husband stated to me that he was leaving me and was going to live at the N. Y. Athletic Club, of which he is a member, but that he intended never to return. He further informed me that he was going to arrange his financial affairs in such a way that I would find myself living with the two children in one furnished room."

"Mr. W. began to drink heavily. He would entertain eight or nine persons and the liquor would flow like water. His favorite drink is Scotch, but he also drinks a great many other kinds of liquor."

"The only arguments which I ever had with my husband were about liquor and about women. On these subjects he maintained that he was entitled to do as he pleased as long as he supported the household."

"During the month of August, 1933, my attorney, Milton E. Schattman, received a telephone call from the landlord stating that the rent was unpaid. Dispositive proceedings were actually instituted and a summons served on the door of our apartment. It seems that Mr. W. must have come to his senses for the moment and taken care of the matter, because I have heard nothing further about it."

"In the meantime Mr. W. lived in the height of luxury. He maintains an apartment at 25 Central Park West, where he lives with a Mr. and Mrs. Mark Ledy. Just what the connection between these parties is I am not definitely able to state, but I am given to understand that Mr. W. pays the rent and all of the expenses and that he sends down from his store the supplies for the household."

"In addition to maintaining the New York home, he also maintains at Southampton, Long Island, a home which he calls 'North Sea.' He owns



Mary Cornell Macke, former nursemaid in the Weisbecker household, who has brought a \$541,000 lawsuit against the grocery magnate.

a yacht and two cars. In connection with the lodge there is also a boathouse."

Of course, big butter-and-egg men are supposed to live in luxury, so, perhaps, what pained Mrs. Weisbecker was the fact that Mrs. Ledy is her former old friend and chum of the Follies, Ethel Sinclair, who used to share her dressing room and prance the stage right at her side. When Ethel married she did pretty well, too, because Mr. Ledy is a theatrical agent who could always find his wife a nice job, should married life become home-sore.

But as a matrimonial catch a big butter-and-egg man outlives even a theatrical agent. Therefore Elise might be pardoned if she felt jealous to think that Mr. Weisbecker was paying her chum's rent and sending her butter and eggs. Continuing to mix her husband's delightful assets with certain drawbacks, Mrs. Weisbecker's complaint reads:

"My husband's income is close to \$100,000 a year. In August, 1932, when I was in Southampton, I thought I would go over to visit my husband to talk to him and see just what was going on at his lodge. I took my boy Charlie with me and another person. We came to the lodge and upon looking over the fence I saw Mrs. Ledy there in green pajamas fling the flowers and the chair and furniture around. There my husband and another woman who I un-



Mr. Charles Weisbecker, millionaire Market Owner, looking at a Little Verrier in the Mids of His Legal Entanglements.

derstand is a dancer named 'Jean,' and her servants."

"Mrs. Ledy said to me, 'What are you doing here?' and I answered her by asking her, 'What are you doing here yourself?' That is more important for me to find out. But they would not open the gate or allow us to chime in."

Mr. Weisbecker's answer opens by admitting that he is resigned to the idea of separation, because experience of the last seven years has convinced him that it is impossible and unsafe to live with the Follies beauty. Asserting that he has always been a temperate drinker, he says his wife had no cause to argue on that point. What grieves him most deeply is the charge about other women. Of this, he says:

"I never believed that a husband's obligation ended with support, and I am a strong believer in fidelity. It is my personal belief that my wife made three false accusations because she knew how much they would sting me. My wife knows full well after so many years of married life that I have no patience with a philanderer and she knew in what low regard I hold such people."

In a sort of reminiscing mood, he tells that he took his bride from a small walk-up apartment where she was living with her mother. After mentioning that Papa Hamilton had deserted the family many years before and telling about Sister-in-law Eunice, also a dancer who married James Faye, a person of wealth, he gets around to his brother-in-law.

"About two years ago," Mr. Weis-

becker states, "my wife's brother, Gail Hamilton, was found dead with some girl and my wife informed me that her brother, Gail, had shot the girl and then committed suicide."

According to the investigation of the author in 1929, Gail Hamilton killed himself with a revolver. Miss Montell Mandfield, Texas divorcee, had shot herself dead, after a drinking party. At the time of the tragedy, Hamilton's wife and child were in Europe. Obviously the widow's name also was Elise.

The reason for these anecdotes on his wife and her family, perhaps indicate that they may be used to reinforce that assertion that Weisbecker had found it unsafe to live with his wife. He has been quoted as saying that his wife often threatened him with violence and, on one occasion attacked him with a pair of shears. He had thought it prudent to sleep alone and with his bedroom door locked for some time before he had been butter-and-egg-ing another ex-Follies girl.

"I have known Mr. and Mrs. Ledy for approximately a year and they had been guests at my boathouse prior to October, 1931, when my wife forced me out. In July, 1932, I gave up my room at the N. Y. A. C. The Ledys knowing this as a gesture of appreciation, I assume, invited me to use their apartment during the summer as my N. Y. headquarters, and they insisted that I should not take temporary quarters at a hotel or at the N. Y. A. C."

"While I was in town I accepted their invitation, as I consider them very dear friends of mine and very gracious. I positively have not supplied food-stuffs to the Ledys at my own expense and they are not the type of people to permit me to do so, and this case is true about the rent of their apartment. I unequivocally state that I have not contributed money or any other assistance toward the support of the Ledys' apartment."

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A Studio Portrait of Mrs. Weisbecker and, Below, a Photograph Showing Her and Her Younger Son Camping Out in Their Expensive Apartment After Mr. Weisbecker Had Had the Furniture Removed.

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Caricature Made in the Year 1620 of a Jolly Beer Drinker of the Period in Germany.

FROM the American World, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved. **F**ROM the earliest times mankind has had its alcoholic drinks. Long centuries before recorded history began it is known that he made wines and brewed beers—pictures engraved on stones more than 5,000 years ago reveal how "hoose" was made and how it was drunk in ancient Egypt, Babylon, Assyria, Rome and elsewhere.

Prehistoric man learned from nature. In fact nature is a wholesale manufacturer of alcohol. Anything with sugar or starch in it naturally turns to alcohol when it gets sour and ferments—corn, potatoes, rye, sugar-cane, fruits, berries, and hundreds of other things. Probably our caveman ancestors of a million years ago were not so dumb as to miss nature's invitation to watch how easy it was to produce a "drink."

But the wines, liquors and beers of olden times were not any too palatable. They had a "kick" in them beyond any doubt, but the raw and raucous flavor would probably be resented by even a tramp in a 10-cent Bowery gin-mill in New York. Writers in ancient Rome wrote enthusiastically of "fine old Falernian" wine—but nobody knows whether anybody would relish it today. The ancient Germans made a wine so vile that it was called "drei maenner wein" (three men wine)—it took three men to manage it; one to drink it, one to hold the drinker and one to pour it down his throat.

Of course the ancients had none of the ingeniously refined wines and brews of modern times. Just as nature never conceived of the wheel, which is the real foundation of modern progress, so nature never dreamed of the delightful beverage champagne. In this drink, as in many other beverages, man has vastly improved on nature. The long, laborious and ingenious process of making champagne will be explained a little later.

The Peking Man (Sinanthropus Pekinensis) is believed to have lived 2,000,000 years ago in a Chinese cave. That poor wretch had almost nothing except a few crude flints and perhaps some skin-clothes. He positively did not have a fire. Yet there is every probability that Sinanthropus warmed and comforted himself in his cheerless cave with an alcoholic drink—but what a drink! Occasionally he could have had a swig of mead (fermented honey and water), but for the most part his "night-cap" probably was beer in its original and dreadful form. The modern bottle of beer represents two million years of accumulated thought and experiment, to say nothing of lucky blunders.

The first cultivated cereals seem to have been barley and therefore must have been gathered wild for innumerable ages before that. The scene of the first drink of beer has been imagined as follows:

A discouraged caveman coming home empty-handed, famished and exhausted, relied on a little board of wild barley which he had stored away in a mouse-proof pocket of the cave wall and almost forgotten. But alas, a warm spell had caused the walls to sweat and he was dismayed to find the pocket full of a nasty-smelling and nasty-tasting, soupy mess.

However, it was that or nothing, and the main question was whether or not it was poisonous. He had no dog to try it on. Anyway, a dog, being a meat-eater, is a prejudiced judge on vegetable products. However, the mess was full of flies, which like many other insects are notorious lovers of alcohol. If these ancestors of the modern barfly could take a chance, so could he. It must have been awful going down, but all the more miraculous must have seemed the miracle when a warm feeling of cheer stole over him, his gloom vanished and he went to sleep, happy.

The discovery had been made, but the caveman lacked the utensils to improve on it much. The nearest approach to a cask or vat was that rock hollow. For a bottle, the best he could do

was a gourd or the skull of some animal. At that, it could hardly have been worse tasting than the fermented drippings from silos with which many farm-hands had to content themselves in the early days of prohibition until bootleg service became nationwide.

With the first authentic records, 5,000 and more years ago, vast improvement in beer-brewing is revealed. In Egypt, "mother of civilization," and Mesopotamia, its ancient rival in the valleys of the Tigris and Euphrates, brewing was an industry of national importance which had advanced as far as the resources of the age would permit. They now had casks and vats, but nothing in the way of a cooling system that could be regulated. Had they possessed a glass bottle and cork stopper those ancient brewers might have turned out something a little better in many ways than the recent American homebrew fostered by prohibition.

At the dawn of history sculptors and painters worked only on subjects which their employers considered of monumental importance, of which beer was evidently one. In the Kaiser Frederick

Museum at Berlin, is a seal of the time of Hammurabi, King of Babylon, 2287 to 2232 B. C., showing gentlemen drinking beer through long tubes from a vase or pitcher. Part way down the tubes are to be seen disks, presumably a sanitary device to prevent saliva, mingled with dirt, from running down the outside into the beer.

King Hammurabi, greatest ruler of his time, promulgated a code of laws which among others contained the Ten Commandments. Also there was one prescribing penalties for anyone who adulterated beer, thus proving the importance of the beverage—just as a future historian would prove from the motor vehicle laws that the automobile was big business in 1931.

Dr. Emil Huber, an eminent Berlin scientist, has recently published a book collecting all the known records of Babylonian beer making. Dr. Huber estimates from the amount of material used that the alcoholic content of beer at this time was much above 3.2 per cent. The principal ingredients used by the Babylonians in beer were large loaves of bread. Eighteen quarts of barley beer-bread, 24 quarts of light barley bread, one quart of emmer and 36 quarts of malt were needed to make 80 quarts of good beer. Emmer is a grain now rarely used. Kings and priests sometimes drank a beer brewed entirely from emmer. These people did not have hops, but used cassia and many kinds of aromatic plants to give zest to the beverage.

The Babylonian root-word for beer was "bi," but they had another word "hiq," just as we have beer and ale. When a wealthy Babylonian gentleman wanted a pitcher of the best dark beer, he said:

"Se-bar-bi-gig-dug-ga."

The hoary antiquity of beer-making is attested by the remarkable fact that in so many races, separated in time and space, all have virtually the same word for that universal drink. If the Tower of Babel story is to be believed, the one word that escaped the confusion of tongues was BEER.

Beer flowed freely on all occasions from marriages to funerals. A general on the march required five quarts a day and the smallest army allowed to a field laborer was a quart a day.



Seal of the Time of King Hammurabi of Babylon, 2287 to 2232 B. C., Showing Gentlemen Drinking Beer Out of a Pitcher With Tubes, From the Kaiser Frederick Museum, Berlin.



The Pretty Barmaid Has Been a Feature of Tavern Life in England for More Than Three Hundred Years.

These ancient people kept inns noted for their fine beer, and the records show that the landlady of one of them, named Ku-ba-u, became a king's wife on account of the superlative way she discharged her inn-keeping duties.

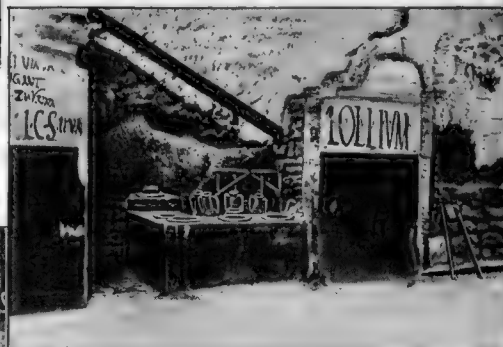
But the Babylonians did not know the art of making a clear, beautiful, amber-colored fluid as our modern brewers do. A sediment collected at the bottom and there was scum at the top of the pitchers, phenomena which modern amateurs have noted. To avoid these, the Babylonian drinker dipped his tube into the clear fluid in the middle.

That other Babylonian word "hiq" appears in the Egyptian hieroglyphics as "hiku," also meaning a kind of beer or ale. Etymologists drawn on the interesting suggestion that this is a "hic-root," meaning hiccoughs.

The land of the Nile carried the brewer's art a step further, piping off the clear fluid into earthenware flasks from which it could be poured into drinking cups. Statuettes and temple frescoes of ancient Egypt go into details of beer brewing in a way that proves its importance. But the Egyptians lived mostly with a view to the next life and on their tombs one reads such records as that the noble buried there offered 10,000 beers to Osiris.

The pyramid builders did things in a big way but to set up 10,000 beers would be a notable event in any age. The Pharaohs when they died went to an exclusive Heaven in the sky, but everyone else went to an underworld presided over by Osiris, a god who had been killed and resurrected. Of course the priests and their workmen drank all those beers, but Osiris was supposed to know of the gift and on the strength of it would stand treat to the giver through all eternity.

How the Caveman Comforted Himself With a Sort of Beer, Brewed by 'Kick' in It; by Pharaoh's Time It Had Characters Drank Wine Aged in Brandy Was Accidentally Invented. Engravings on Stone Picture Egypt, Assyria, Babylon



Photograph of a Street Excavated in the Ruins of Old Pompeii. Detailed Picture of the Street With Wine.



Bas-Relief From a Greek Merchant's Wine Shop, Showing That He Was an Importer of Liquors and Also Retailed Them at His Bar.

Queens and great ladies greeted their kings and lords on returning from the wars with pitchers of fresh beer.

them all day to drive away birds with stones and shouts.

Wine was evidently an expensive drink for Pharaoh, the nobles and the wealthy who did not have to exercise vigorously. But for the workman, heaving and toiling in the hot sun, then as now, the drink was beer. In Babylon the legal minimum for a worker was a quart a day, but if employers wanted to get a good day's work out of them in the heat, they probably gave them more.

Nobody will ever know just what those wines the ancients thought so precious really tasted like. But there is ample evidence that if the unchilled, hopless beer would have tasted funny to modern palates, the wines of that period would have been, to say the least, unpleasant. The ancient vintner suffered under the same handicaps as did the brewer. Civilization had now given him large earthenware jars in which to store his product, but what crippled his progress must was lack of that cheap, humble, insignificant-looking little thing which everyone throws away—the cork stopper.

The old-time wine maker could put a cap on the top of the jar and seal it with pitch or resin. This kept out flies and even air but the gas generated in the wine forced itself out. Wine aged in jars was bound to be flat. Also their liquid content evaporated through the porous sides so that the wine before very long became a sour sort of syrup.

The ancients knew that they wanted a bottle that could be so tightly corked as to stand the gas pressure from within. So they invented one—but what a bottle!

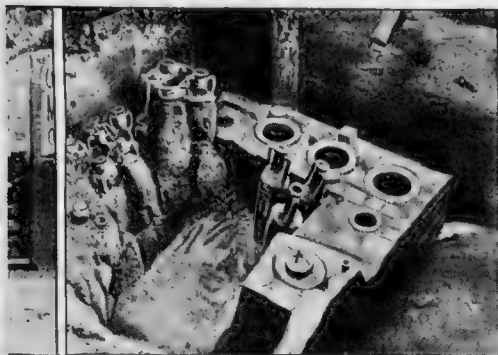
The thing was made, not of glass but of leather, and in place of a cork—the soft neck of the bottle was tied with a leather thong. If done skilfully, this sealed the bottle both ways, making it possible to produce a sparkling wine that bubbled like some modern ones. But the stuff must have had a flavor "like the palm of a motorman's glove."

And that was not all. The leather bottle had seams which would leak unless liberally smeared on the inside with resin. Far from resenting this extra unpleasant taste, connoisseurs grew so used to it that wine dealers put it into wine that had never been in a bottle or customers would not think it was good.

Such was the wine the Saviour and all the other important characters in both the Old and New Testament drank. If they could have used the same bottle over and over, the leathery taste

2,000,000 Years

swed by Nature, Dreadful to Taste But With a
lad Been Much Improved; Biblical
Leather Bottles and Praised It;
ited by the Old Alchemists—
Drinking Habits in Ancient
Fifty Centuries Ago



it, Showing a Sidwalk Barroom—and "Close-up"
Jugs and Liquor Receptacles.



Beer as a Remedy for Sleepless Nights Was Known Even in Assyria 5,000
Years Ago, as Shown by This Engraving Where the Master is Receiving His
Beer From One Servant, While the Other Prepares His Bed.

night have disappeared after a while. But we
gave the ancient warning against trying to keep
few wine in old bottles which would burst with
he strain. Yet the old Hebrews valued their
vine so highly that when Noah climbed out of
the Ark the first big job he tackled was to get
a vineyard started. It would seem that he must
have gone without a drink a dreary while, at that
—but no longer than he could help.

According to the narrative in Genesis, old
Noah was so pleased with his home-made vin-
tage that "he drank of the wine and was
drunken; and he was uncovered within his tent."
But it would seem to have been a wholesome
beverage, because it is further narrated in the
Scriptures that "Noah lived after the flood 350
years." Even with improved modern methods
and pure food laws no wine drinker lives that
long nowadays.

There has been much speculation as to what
sort of wine the Saviour turned the water into at
that wedding feast in Cana of Galilee. As it was
a miracle, presumably He could have produced
champagne as easily as any other. All that is
known is that the miraculous wine was so good
that the governor of the feast praised the bride-
groom for it as told in the second chapter of
John, tenth verse:

"And saith unto him, Every man at the begin-



Statuettes Showing an Ancient Egyptian Brewer (on the Right) Preparing
Flasks to Hold Beer, and Another (on the Left) Squeezing the Beer
Through a Sieve Into a
Big Jar. The
Statuettes Are About
4,000 Years Old, and
Are Now in the Cairo
Museum.



Even Now the Arabs Put Up Their Wine in Skin
Bottles, as All Mankind Did Many Centuries Ago.

ning doth set forth good wine;
and when men have well drunk,
then that which is worse; but thou
hast kept the good wine until
now."

Only by a miracle could cham-
pagne have been made until mod-
ern times. It would not have done
the ancients any good if they had
known that most difficult and
complicated of all wine-making
processes. They would have been
helpless, waiting for several other
inventions. The champagne bottle
is the heaviest and strongest in
the world, not for looks, but to
withstand the explosive force of
the carbonic acid gas that creeps
and bubbles in the glass after it is
opened. It also requires not
merely a cork, but one so superior
that the best cost as high as ten
cents each. Also brandy with
which to fortify it and many other discoveries
had to be made.

Most people know that the famous cordial
Benedictine was introduced to the world by the
monks of that name, but there are many other
drinks to their credit. Greatest of them all is
champagne. Dom Perignon, the actual inventor,
was able to do so because he lived in the 18th
century when stoppers of cork had already been
introduced. Up to that time cork had been ig-
nored as a brittle and worthless sort of wood.
The monk Perignon, a man of inquiring mind,
wondered what would happen if he bottled up
some of the year's vintage before the fermenta-
tion was little more than started. His experi-
ment was blessed with extraordinary luck. The
bottles began shooting their corks at him so he
lashed the remainder on. Several of these blew
up. But a few extra stout ones, stored in a cold
recess of the cellar, held fast. Dom Perignon
opened one.

Bang! went the cork to the cobwebbed
ceiling. As the astonished monk tasted the fluid
that creamed so attractively in his cup, he said:
"I am drinking stars."

They have since improved on the details of
the monk's process but nobody has invented a
better wine. The grapes, usually of two differ-
ent sorts, a light one for flavor and a dark one

for strength and such technical qualities as
"body" and "fruitiness," are blended from a
variety of vineyards. The different tastes of the
various wines depend largely upon this blend-
ing. The grapes are pressed, and the juices start
fermenting in vats holding thousands
of gallons, together with a certain
amount of champagne saved from some
extra good previous vintage. Early in
the fermentation process the juice is
put into bottles. These are of pro-
digious strength and have been washed
and sterilized with surgical thorough-
ness. Those expensive corks are pre-
posterously too big for the necks of
the bottles. First, they have to be
softened by boiling. Then special ma-
chinery compresses them. Finally a
ton-pound hammer drives them home,
and even then metal
clamps have to keep them from blowing
out.

The bottles, stacked
in piles six feet high in
the "caves," as the
cellars are called, are
due for a rest of six or
seven years. They rest
horizontally, as sleep-
ers should, because
the surest way to ruin
a bottle of champagne is to stand it
right side up, which causes the cork to
dry and lets the precious gas work
through. But it is a troubled sleep. With the
cold of Winter the fermentation dies down, only
to start up again the next Spring.

During the first warm spell the silence of the
cellars may be rent with a series of explosions
like a subterranean bombardment, as the bottles
in those great piles begin to blow up like so
many cannon crackers. This means a terrific
financial loss unless the bottles can be rushed
into a colder part of the cellar. When a cham-
pagne bottle explodes, hurling heavy glass
splinters in all directions, it is a pretty good imi-
tation of a bomb.

Nevertheless all hands rush to the firing line
which would soon be a shambles but for the fact
that they wear heavy leather suits, gloves so
thick that they are almost bullet proof and
masks of heavy steel wire. This is one of many
reasons why during all the years of prohibition
no bootlegger ever made a genuine bottle of
champagne. After the bottles have quieted down
in the cold they have to be brought out again be-
cause that fermentation must be completed.

When this is finished there remains a muddy
sediment which spoils the looks of the wine and
must be removed without losing more than a few
drops of the wine and above all, not a bubble of
the precious gas. First the bottles are stood on
their heads and by careful manipulation the
sediment is worked down the sides until it is all
collected at the back of the cork.

Dom Perignon had no idea of how to get that
sediment out, but science has since shown an
easy way. The bottles are chilled almost to the
freezing point. They are not allowed to reach
that point because it would ruin the wine. This
chilling takes all the life out of the gas so that
the cork can be pulled without losing a single
bubble of it, but with the sediment would go
considerable of the liquid.

To make the job perfect the neck of the bot-
tle is frozen just a little above the sediment.
The cork is driven and the sediment removed in
one form of a bit of dirty-looking ice. The bottle
is next stood rightside up and as much of the
remaining clear ice as possible picked out. Be-
fore replacing the cork, what is known as the
"liqueur" is added. This consists of brandy
spirits, a certain amount of sugar and various
other mysterious ingredients, a secret which the
champagne manufacturer guards with his life.

The newly added sugar does not start a new

fermentation because even when the bottle be-
comes warm enough there is sufficient alcohol
and gas to stop it. There are still more things to
be done, including adding the label, the gold or
silver wrapping, the metal cork-cap and the wire.
Considering the labor, the losses and the wait of
so many years, champagne can never be a cheap
drink.

Certain seasons known as "vintage years" are
exceptionally good, due to atmospheric condi-
tions producing grapes of unusually good qual-
ity. Though no bootlegger ever made a genuine
bottle of champagne, during the prohibition era,
all the leading brands were shamelessly counter-
feited. The label, the bottle and all its trappings,
including a stamped cork, were an almost perfect
imitation of the real thing. The contents, how-
ever, were usually nothing but a bottle of cham-
pagne cider, fortified with a shot of alcohol. This
stuff, worth about forty cents, was bought by
some night club "suckers" for as high as \$25.
For some time to come it will behoove customers
to buy champagne, and in fact most drinks, only
from dealers whose reputation is above suspicion.

Though the champagne district around
Reims, which the Germans wisely made it their
business to occupy at the start of the war, has the
name and the reputation, Italy and other nations
are getting excellent brands on the market and
our own California wines are now recognized as
fully equal to the most advertised foreign brands.

The ancients not only could not ice their wines
but preferred to serve them hot. In the excru-
ciating ruins of Pompeii are to be seen the wine
hops, with their apparatus for heating all kinds
from the most expensive which would only be
bought by the gentleman passing in his litter to the
cheapest for which only slaves were custom-
ers. The wines of those days were mostly di-
luted with water, what moderns would call "a
long drink" and probably no more potent than a
claret lemonade. The Athenians and Spartans
considered anyone a barbarian who drank his wine
straight.

It is recorded that some of the wines were
supposed to be mixed with twenty parts of water.
This would indicate not so much a wine as a con-
centrated concoction of herbs, spices, resin and
what not; but diluted twenty times it could
hardly have added much cheer to a party. Here
and there on their travels the Greeks and Ro-
mans must have occasionally gotten hold of a

Science Has Little Doubt That Our Early Cavern Ancestors Learned
From Nature to Make a Crude Beer. It Was a Muddy, Sour-
Tasting Mess, But It Had a "Kick" in It.

Captain Curlew By Basil Carey

A Thrilling Story of Love and Adventure in the South Seas



Blaise Paused to Shake the Sweat of His Red-Rimmed Eyes and Treherne Got in Under His Guard.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

JOHN ALLEN, a trader in the South Seas, had a daughter, the only child he had left. He was a man of great wealth and influence, and his daughter was the most beautiful girl in the island. He had married her to a man of his own rank and wealth, but she had died, and he was now a widower. He had a young son, but he was a weakling and a coward, and he was not fit to be a trader. He had a young daughter, but she was a wild and headstrong girl, and she was not fit to be a trader's daughter. He had a young son, but he was a weakling and a coward, and he was not fit to be a trader. He had a young daughter, but she was a wild and headstrong girl, and she was not fit to be a trader's daughter.

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CHAPTER XXXV.

Defeat.



Blaise waited for his chance. It came sooner than he had expected. He had been waiting for a long time, but now it was his chance. He had been waiting for a long time, but now it was his chance.

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long Blaise. Bimby him Blaise all same good."

The boys fell to, putting all their energy into the task of setting the sluggish blood moving again. Carroll lifted the dark, heavy head, and forced some brandy between the bruised lips. Presently Blaise sighed and opened his eyes. He stared at Carroll.

"South," he said, faintly. "San Juan's round south of Takunai. Head her off."

Carroll signed to the boys to lift Blaise. Between them they carried the inert form down the slope to where the longboat rocked. Blaise did not speak again. Carroll held him anxiously as the longboat fled back to the impatient Curlew. He had seen the wound on Blaise's head, and he refused to think how much blood had been lost.

Haggerty was ready for them, leaning over the side of the Curlew with bulging eyes. The boys were scurrying round with hot water and blankets. Like a log Blaise was lifted aboard and carried down to his bunk. As his body was wrapped in blankets he said again, "Head em off. The boys gone round south."

"What's he mean?" Haggerty whispered. "Reckon the San Juan's gone round by the south way. No, I don't know why. But I see what he wants. If we sail by the north side we'll most likely run into her as she comes round the west side. Depends how much start she's got. Hey, don't give him any more sleep. Let him sleep. You, Huis, you stay with him. Blaise. Must keep hot, savvy?"

Leaving the Kanakas to watch, Carroll and Haggerty went on deck. The sun was at the edge of the sea. Across the water shot rods of red light that turned the Curlew into a thing of beauty. From the land came a fresh breeze that would drive the Curlew eastward. Carroll gave a shout and began to run. He called to the two boys who had followed him up the slope, and they hurried after him, to find him already kneeling by the side of Blaise.

"Him Blaise all same die?" asked Huis.

"No," Carroll told him. "You maktum rub feet belong Blaise. Huis, you maktum rub hands be-

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before a battle. From the fore'sleam came matches of old war-songs that had been sung by their ancestors in the days when the chieftains went out to bat-

tle. As the night wore on, the faint, earthy, sweet, strained notes of the Curlew's star-

ry like some inopert eager for the kill. Takunai lay black and lumpy on the starboard bow. A faint, earthy, sweet, strained

across the restless water. Haggerty said, "Blame un-

healthy place. Kanakas from He-rari, th y come across sometimes on their feast days. Ee, long-

big over on He-rari, so old And- Peters used to say. Swine, they are, all the prevail' lot. Mi-

gona's! Huh!" He spat indignantly. "I'd refuse to think how much blood had been lost."

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What Makes Skin Smooth—Wrinkle-Free?

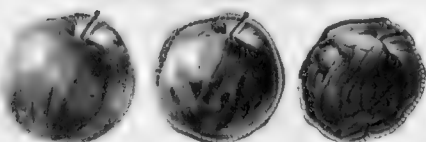
TWO REASONS!

1 Active Oil Glands in Under Skin

2 Natural Moisture in Outer Skin

You have Two Skins. You need
Two Creams—a different
cream for each skin

THE APPLE TELLS THE STORY



SMOOTH—GLOSSY

SOFT—SPONGY

WRINKLED—DISCOLORED

- 1 At its peak, the inner and outer skin of the apple are both firm and smooth—perfect!
- 2 A little past its prime, the inner tissue of the apple has shrunk away from the outer skin.
- 3 Still later, the outer skin has wrinkled to fit the shrunken under skin. That's what causes wrinkles in human skin, too!

READ THE STORY of the apple above!

Amazing, that your skin, too, which consists of two skins is subject to changes like those!

But there is a way to keep it smooth... gloriously free from dreaded lines! That way is to give each of your two skins the different care it needs.

To Avoid Wrinkles, keep your Under Skin firm—Long before the first telltale lines begin to show on your face, changes are taking place in your under skin that will surely produce them.

Begin early to help this under skin. When its oil glands begin to fail, you can supply the oils that keep it firm and young. You need an oil cream that goes down into the under skin. That is exactly what Pond's Cold Cream does.

This delicious oil-rich cream penetrates to the very under skin, brings it just the oils it needs. Your skin feels toned, renewed—way down. Actually firmer—and fresher. Soon you can see the little lines smooth out. You feel and look years younger!

Use this satiny cream for cleansing, too. Because it goes so deep, it removes every particle of dirt and make-up—frees your pores thoroughly! No wonder it is so refreshing, invigorating!

UNDER SKIN
WHERE
WRINKLES START

To Correct Dryness—What to do for your Outer Skin—Here it's an entirely different need! Not oils but natural skin moisture is needed to keep this outer skin from growing rough and dry and chapped.

Pond's Vanishing Cream is made especially for the outer skin. It is *greaseless*. Instead of oils, it contains a marvelous substance that prevents loss of skin moisture—actually replaces lost moisture.

You can test this yourself by a single application of Pond's Vanishing Cream on dry

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Roosevelt, of Washington, though not yet 20, has started her Pond's Regime. She guards her skin's Youthful Freshness with Pond's Cold Cream for her Under Skin and Pond's Vanishing Cream for her Outer Skin.

OUTER SKIN
WHERE
DRYNESS STARTS

chapped skin! The roughness is smoothed away! Your skin is pearly looking. And Pond's Vanishing Cream will keep it that way. It will hold powder and rouge smoothly for hours!

Send for the samples offered in

the coupon below. Or go right out and buy yourself a small jar of each of these famous creams. In a few days begin to know the joy of what they can do for you. See your own skin growing daily clearer, smoother, lovelier!



The Countess of Warwick, one of the most admired women in British Aristocracy, keeps the transparent loveliness of her skin with Pond's Two Creams.

"Pond's Cold Cream is marvelous for bringing out the dirt from the pores. Pond's Vanishing Cream keeps my skin from getting dry and coarse and naturally holds powder perfectly."

Mrs. Henry Field, of Chicago, thrilling Society beauty, keeps her gloriously white skin satin-smooth and young with just two creams—Pond's Cold Cream for her under skin, Pond's Vanishing Cream for her outer skin.

Miss Anne Gould, lovely daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jay Gould, describes for you the **Two-Skin Treatment Society Women use**

These are her own words:

"I know women who use dozens of preparations on their face. They spend hours night and morning applying all these different things to their skin. Yet they are not beautiful! Their skin looks worn-out—lifeless—long before its time. I am convinced that those women have actually hurt their skin with all that over-treatment!

"I believe there is a sensible basis for keeping one's skin beautiful—to find out what the skin really needs, and then

give it those things in absolutely reliable preparations. This is what I do:

1. "Every night, I cleanse my skin to its depths with a cream the whole world knows you can trust—Pond's Cold Cream. It's a delicious soft milky kind of cream that has a way of coating out every speck of make-up, powder, and dirt from your pores. I wipe it all off with Pond's Tissue. Then I go all over face and neck with Pond's Cold Cream a second time. I put it in to bring up the circulation. This makes any skin feel young deep down, and from inside out! Then I wipe that off, too. (Sometimes I use Pond's Liquefying Cream. It's a grand cleanser, too, and does equally deep.)

2. "Next, Pond's Vanishing Cream for overnight. It is greaseless, light. Makes you look and feel fresh, and never soils your pillow. And smooths and softens the skin divinely. I apply it liberally over face, neck, arms and hands, and use it all the time to keep my elbows soft and white.

3. "In the Morning, and during the day when needed, I just repeat this performance. A Pond's Cold-Cream Cleansing, then Pond's Vanishing Cream. This last is the grandest foundation cream ever. It makes your skin so smooth. And it holds powder amazingly. There isn't any simpler, surer way of caring for skin than with these Two wonderful Creams."

For your Under Skin—Pond's delicious Cold Cream. Or Pond's new Liquefying Cream if you prefer a cream that melts more rapidly into the skin.

For your Outer Skin—Pond's Vanishing Cream, greaseless. For softening and smoothing. Holds powder.



SEND FOR SAMPLES—MAIL COUPON TODAY!

Pond's Extract Company, Dept. A, 142 Hudson St., N. Y. C. I enclose \$4 (to cover postage and packing) for samples of all Pond's Creams and samples of the six different shades of Pond's new Face Powder.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____
Copyright, 1934, Pond's Extract Company

TUNE IN on the Pond's Program Fridays, 9:30 P. M., E. S. T. WEAF, NBC Network

CAN ANY WOMAN AFFORD TO RISK
THE DANGEROUS HAZARDS OF NEGLIGENCE?
Thousands may benefit
from this vital story—

"THE FOLLY OF FRANCES AMES"

Read this true experience—
then learn how you, too,
may guard against an often
unsuspected danger.

A REAL LIFE MOVIE




Her eighty-first trip as a hostess on the air line. How Frances' friends admired her fine record for courtesy and efficiency! Yet how little they understood her recent listlessness and "dragged-out" feeling.



Then a woman passenger forgot to fasten her safety-belt before landing—a simple oversight. Yet without realizing, Frances grew so needlessly short and unpleasant that the irate passenger threatened to report her incivility to the authorities . . .



Then Frances was summoned to headquarters. "You've been so irritable lately," said Captain Marks, "that several passengers have complained of your behavior. You may have another month's trial. That means *improve—or quit!*"



Desperate, Frances consulted her physician. "Humm! No exercise, not as careful about your food—irregular meals! No wonder you're constipated. One thing you need, young lady, is *more bulk food*. Eat Post's 40% Bran Flakes regularly. You'll like it!"



What a change!—after Frances *realized* the folly of her neglect. Heeding her physician's advice—including Post's 40% Bran Flakes—she gradually became herself again. Today—always bright and charming—she is once more "A-1" hostess on the line.

More than You Realize

. You, too, may need the extra benefits you get from this unique bran cereal—this different cereal that tastes so very good.

Often you may not even *suspect* constipation! The constipation that comes from lack of bulk in the diet . . . and can lead to listlessness, lack of ambition, run-down health!

And that's exactly where Post's 40% Bran Flakes comes in—to give you the benefits of bran bulk in a cereal you'll love.

Actually, millions of people eat Post's 40% Bran Flakes for its crispy goodness alone—its delicious, *different* flavor. And thus, without *realizing*, they get the bulk they need—to keep food wastes moving along the intestinal tract and to insure *normal* elimination.

For Post's 40% Bran Flakes, you see, is a delicious combination of bran with other parts of wheat. That's why it has benefits you need *plus* marvelous flavor. It is also high in nutritive value—with its phosphorus, iron and its precious Vitamin B.

So make Post's 40% Bran Flakes the cereal you eat *regularly*—every day. It costs so little! Your grocer has it—a product of General Foods.



POST'S 40% BRAN FLAKES

(Continued from Page 16)

it's a **SIN** and
a **SHAME**
to let a
HEAD
COLD
Run its Course!

WHY PINEOLEUM IS BEST FOR COLDS

Now in three forms:

	PINESOL [®]
	PINESOL [®] WITH EPHEDRINE
	PINESOL [®] EPHEDRINE JEL

These girls don't want you from

CHAPTER IX.

Still, Legg supposed, she should not complain. In a way, things had gone too smoothly. Her luck had seemed so unbelievable that she was almost sure there was something that something must go wrong! Nevertheless, that admission failed to make it any easier for her to know what to do. So when she had climbed to an upper deck and seen the bridge shining down the Riverdale Drive, she tried to assemble her obstacles in the order of their importance. Then in the twenty-five minute ride which lay between her and the store, she must figure as she went how to overcome them and still not har-

and what you don't spend of your rake-off, you can slip in your sock or the old tin-box. You're a woman, you know yourself a turn, you stand a chance to make a hit with the elder Dorrington. For Trianon copies are just as good as Nativsky or Carleton numbers—and show a nicer profit. It's just that till now he's been too tight to let me get the idea to Naida. You'd have to cut with her, of course, but at that you'd be doing nicely, and Naida would no doubt kiss you for adding to her rake-off." "I don't know," said Peg, "do I like it?" Peg was still unconvinced. "Don't be a sap!" Grace

stayed there all night?" Grace asked with a shrug and fished in her purse for a cigarette. "Only this kid, this playboy. Whatever you do, don't even dream of leaving yourself get love-lorn over such a sap! Fond Mamma-in-law has Ritzly plan for mating him up, I'm told. Carl Carey says he's got a thing for her, too. But the Social Register and can't afford a copy, has a beautiful daughter whose blood's as blue as their financial prospects. The two Mommas have played around with each other for years. So now that Lucy Hampton has

(Continued on Page 20)

RUE PAIN AWAY WITH
BAUME "BEN-GAY"
IT P-E-N-E-T-R-A-T-E-S

WORMS!

One of the surest ways to preserve the general health of Puppies, Dogs, Kittens and Cats



POISONS! COLLECT AND UPSET YOUR WHOLE SYSTEM. FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST WILL "TONE" YOUR INTESTINES-HELP YOU GET RID OF YOUR BODY'S POISONS

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST



morning. When Christine came out of her cabin—head still high and face the color of paper—he nodded his approval of the clothes she was wearing. The scarlet

herne thought: "Wait till it's dark. I'll lose them then. If I sail without lights I can cheat 'em yet."

One Night CORN KIT

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Man and His Drinks for 2,000,000 Years

(Continued from Double Page)

wine that would have pleased even the most fastidious modern palate. These were the places where Nature happened to provide an ice cold cavern which could be used as a refrigeration plant.

One of these is still to be found at Salzburg, Austria, and as might be expected is in charge of those same Benedictine monks. Right at the entrance to the cavern they will one of the most delicious wines to be bought anywhere. But, if taken away it quickly spoils. High up on the same cliff is another cave inhabited by early hermits at the time the Vandals marched through on their way to sack Rome. The wild Northerners hurled all the hermits down the cliff and then learned to their regret that they had held the secret of the delicious drink found in the caves of the lower cavern.

Romans, Greeks and Asians used to get quite "lit up" at their prolonged banquets but, for the most part, they seem to have had moderate temperance. It takes considerable time and persistence to get really drunk on beer and wine. But it could be done and the men who proved it before the "hard liquor" came to the world, whisky and gin were invented, were the Northern nations.

The Vikings and other Scandinavians used for drinking cups horns which could not be set down on the table until empty, without spilling. This simple device made it a nuisance for a man to "nurse a drink." They are said to have taught the English to drink heavily. Modern reports would show that the Picts, Scots, and Angles were not exactly ignorant in that line. The Normans were a temperate race. When they conquered England and became its aristocracy, they made temperance fashionable, and introduced the sign of a yokel and lust.

English beers and ales have always been celebrated, especially ales. Queen Elizabeth got her from Burton on Trent. She had a large mug of beer with her breakfast in bed, instead of coffee. For those brewed drinks, the water supply is of vital importance. One of the oldest breweries of British ale happened to be located near a large cemetery, which started the story that the water used for the ale was drained from that graveyard. It was not true, but the best way to kill the story seemed to be to tap a distant source which chemical analysis showed was remarkably pure. It was too pure. The next season's brew was so inferior that the brewery hastily returned to the old supply near the graveyard.

The old English squire was supposed to have gotten gout and a red nose by sipping too much port and sherry from the world's famous vineyards of Spain but modern physicians blame it on the prodigious amounts of beef and mutton he consumed. England, brought up on beer and wine, seems to have been sober enough, except occasionally when celebrating saint's days, until the invention of the still made such potent drinks as brandy, whisky and gin available.

Then for a while, the aristocracy became "drunk as a lord" on imported brandy. Scotland and Ireland made and consumed whisky distilled from various substances all the way from grains to potatoes. In Wales, people must have been blessed with stomachs of iron because their favorite was "mushgany," a mixture of any strong drink and molasses. If the old complaints are to be believed, almost the entire population of London became more or less "plastered" as soon as cheap gin was introduced. To save the people, an almost prohibitive tax was imposed. But the people did not want to be saved that way, staging such alarming riots that the tax was withdrawn. Before long London grew tired of the novelty and learned to take strong drink with discretion.

The still was an invention of the old alchemists who were seeking an elixir of life and selling the first brandies as "aqua vitae" (water of life). Nothing is simpler than distilling spirits, as the bootlegger and moonshiner have proved. Alcohol evaporates rapidly at a lower temperature than water. A slow fire under wine sent up a vapor with a high percentage of alcohol which condensed into a stronger drink than the original and grew stronger each time it was put through the still again. The Germans called it brandtwein or burned wine, which the English changed to brandywine and finally to brandy, while the French refuse to know what you are talking about, unless you call it Cognac, although "eau de vie" (water of life) is quite correct.

Whisky was made in the same way from rye, corn, potatoes and most anything that would ferment in water. Though anyone, except for the law, could make whisky for a few cents a gallon at home it would be a poor thing

to drink. Essential oil, known as "fuel," pass up with the vapors of the still, causing red eyes and headaches unless removed. The honest distiller does that by using a wooden cask. It has been found that agitating the casks speeds up the process. One brand of Scotch whisky advertises that it has been "voyaged around the world" for this purpose.

During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries prosperous English households not only went in for home brew but home distilling. Some of the mistresses of the mansions seem to have been pretty good distillers; others not. There was always the temptation when a batch of preserves went bad to put water with it and run the result through the still. Laws prohibiting amateur distillers were popular with guests who dreaded having to drink some of the hostess's products.

The first Scotch distillers were a bit thifty in constructing their stills, permitting a strong odor of whisky. Now, of course, they have the best apparatus that money can buy but their customers insist on that old smoky taste, just as the ancients did. Gin is distilled from the "hard liquor" of juniper berries, which are other grain and flavored with juniper berries. The French word genievre (juniper) was corrupted to Geneva and finally to gin. "Bath tub" gin, water was simply alcohol, and a few drops of "gin essence" bought at a cordial shop and tasted suspiciously like turpentine.

Rum, made from the refuse of sugar mills, had a long popularity among seafaring races but has been largely displaced by whisky and gin for no known reason except that rum has never so well advertised. Apple cider, the farmer's consolation, which the English squire dismissed contemptuously as the drink of servants and parsons, is a delicious temperance beverage

when young but when aged with a little while becomes "hard" and has the most powerful "kick" of any undistilled and unfortified drink. In cold parts of the country, if the farmer is not content with that, he can "step it up" to a potency the equal of whisky, by turning it into apple "jack."

This costs him nothing for labor or materials. He merely lets a barrel of hard cider freeze some cold night. In the morning he finds all frozen but the center of the barrel in which has collected a few gallons of fluid so full of alcohol that it can't freeze. Prohibition never applied to the farmer-much, though it did to some of his hands who could not get the key to the old cider closet. Perry, cider made from pears, seems to have most all the advantages of the other but has never been generally popular.

Just as brandy, gin, rum and whisky were the results of the alchemists' efforts to live forever, cordials came from pious attempts of monks to discover something that would cure all diseases. Probably almost every possible combination of herbs and spices, steeped in water, wine and alcohol and distilled, was tried out in those old monasteries, with the best-tasting experiments surviving constantly. Many of these are strongly alcoholic, but the reason they are signed in such small quantities at the end of dinner is their heavy sugar content.

The Spanish conquistadors found South Americans making excellent beer from Indian corn. The first visitors, however, were specially honored by another drink called chicha, which delighted them until they were shown how it was made. They beheld old men and women busily chewing up corn, peas, rice, barley, grapes, pinapples and manioc root and spitting it, saliva and all, into large bowls where the moses was left to ferment. After that the Spaniards became prohibitionists as far as chicha was concerned.

The cocktail, an American contribution, was invented for some time by Europe. For many years, however, Manhattan, Martinis and most of the other well known kinds have been considered made by experts of the transatlantic liners and the principals of England and France. But when the American tourist asked for a Manhattan in most parts of Germany, Austria and Czechoslovakia he is in for a surprise. The reason is that they make it with Scotch whisky, producing a weird-tasting cocktail. In Paris the tourist who orders Rock Beer gets a similar shock. It is a sort of sickly, spicy-tasting stuff, suggestive of what transatlantic used to make the children take in the Springs.

The expression "going on a spree" came, it is said, from the River Spree on which Berlin is situated. Along that river are acres of the most famous beer gardens in the world. German beer is not strong and there was not much intoxication, but they often sat there listening to music so late Sunday night as to make them late at the office Monday morning. The boys knew they had been on the Spree and German-Americans brought the expression over. Now those gardens are deserted because German beer is taxed so heavily that it costs twenty cents a glass, while milk is only five cents. When the German wants an alcoholic drink at present he usually turns to something stronger.

The cheapest place in the world to buy a good drink is one of the five ports such as Gibraltar or the Island of Heligoland. In Heligoland, before the recent inflation of the American dollar, a drink of good whisky cost about four cents and excellent three-star brandy eight cents. One could "throw quite a party" for half a dollar. The cheapest place to buy French champagne is not France but Napoleon's birthplace—the Island of Corsica where natives, before being absorbed by France, made a deal not to have any taxes on French wine.

for joyous health!

KEEP COLDS UNDER BETTER CONTROL



for FEWER Colds VICKS NOSE DROPS

At that first nasal irritation, "stuffy" feeling or sneezes, quick! . . . the new aid in preventing colds: Vicks Nose & Throat Drops. Gently, they stimulate the functions which Nature has provided—in the nose—to throw off threatening infection. Used in time, they help you avoid many colds entirely.

You can't feel the true zest of living . . . so long as you stay at the mercy of one miserable cold after another.

Resolve, therefore, to have fewer colds, shorter colds, milder colds—by following Vicks Plan for better Control of Colds. During the past two years, in thousands of clinical tests under medical supervision . . . Vicks Plan has greatly reduced the number and duration of colds . . . has cut their dangers and expense.

Vicks Plan provides proper care and medication, at the proper time . . . and place . . . for every type and stage of a cold. The Plan is fully explained in each Vicks package.



for SHORTER Colds VICKS VAPORUB

If a cold has developed, massage throat and chest at bedtime with Vaporub. Acting like a poultice, Vaporub "draws out" tightness and soreness. All night long, too, its medicated vapors bring soothing comfort and relief to irritated air-passages. Often, by morning, the worst of the cold is over.

VICKS PLAN FOR BETTER CONTROL OF COLDS

THE REAL DOINGS of real life characters—actual names of people and places—are given in the true stories printed in this and other issues of *The American Weekly*. That is why this magazine is different from other publications—more interesting.

TRIPLES

Mrs. William Walsh, recent bride of Richmond Hill, L. I.

The old English squire was supposed to have gotten gout and a red nose by sipping too much port and sherry from the world's famous vineyards of Spain but modern physicians blame it on the prodigious amounts of beef and mutton he consumed. England, brought up on beer and wine, seems to have been sober enough, except occasionally when celebrating saint's days, until the invention of the still made such potent drinks as brandy, whisky and gin available.

Then for a while, the aristocracy became "drunk as a lord" on imported brandy. Scotland and Ireland made and consumed whisky distilled from various substances all the way from grains to potatoes. In Wales, people must have been blessed with stomachs of iron because their favorite was "mushgany," a mixture of any strong drink and molasses. If the old complaints are to be believed, almost the entire population of London became more or less "plastered" as soon as cheap gin was introduced. To save the people, an almost prohibitive tax was imposed. But the people did not want to be saved that way, staging such alarming riots that the tax was withdrawn. Before long London grew tired of the novelty and learned to take strong drink with discretion.

...because they made themselves lovelier than other girls

Hollywood's Beauty Secret wins again!

HERE is proof positive that the girl with a radiantly lovely complexion always wins in the game of hearts!

These two girls (now happy brides) realized how imperative a really lovely, soft, clear skin is. So they adopted Hollywood's complexion care.

As Mrs. Walsh puts it: "It's so significant to me that so many Hollywood actresses use Lux Toilet Soap that now I use it to keep my skin exquisitely lovely."

Mrs. McAdow says: "When the fascinating screen stars say that *any* girl can win greater loveliness with Lux Toilet Soap, I felt I owed it to myself to follow their advice. I'll never use any other beauty care."

The irresistible charm of a complexion that all men admire can be yours. Start today to use fragrant, white Lux Toilet Soap regularly. Prove to yourself how much lovelier you can be!



Mrs. Richard McAdow, of New York City, a bride of last September



Jean Parker
lovely M. G. M. star,
like 9 out of 10 other Hollywood stars, uses Lux Toilet Soap to keep her skin youthfully appealing. She says: "Lux Toilet Soap is magic for the skin! I use it faithfully, for it keeps my complexion radiant as I like it—velvety smooth, clear and fresh!"

Scientists Explain:

"Skin grows old-looking through the gradual loss of certain elements Nature puts in skin to keep it youthful. Gentle Lux Toilet Soap, so readily soluble, actually contains such precious elements—oils—oils—their loss from the skin."

For EVERY type of Skin

...dry...oily..."in-between"

Now! Beauty Doubly Sure and Doubly Secure!



Revolutionary Discovery

A special element keeps Woodbury's Cold and Facial Creams free of germs throughout their use.

WOODBURY'S GERM-FREE CREAMS protect and aid sensitive skins, increase resistance—make all complexions firmer, healthier, lovelier.

WOODBURY'S GERM-FREE CREAMS have been approved by 109 leading dermatologists.

Woodbury's
Revolutionizes Beauty Creams
with Two New Creams
that STAY Germ-Free!

Just think of it!

Woodbury's New Germ-Free Creams are the same price as unprotected creams—50¢ in jars, 25¢ in tubes, in any drug or department store.

Who would have thought a new idea for beauty care could still be born? Yet, despite the thousands that have already appeared, Woodbury's has created something new, something that has startled the whole world! Something that completely revolutionizes beauty care!

Two delightful Beauty Creams that STAY GERM-FREE! That make and keep the most delicate complexion exquisite! Creams that the most sensitive skins can enjoy, safely! That keep normal skins in top-notch health and vigor! That Skin Specialists have proved bring swifter, surer, finer beauty to every type of skin!

Woodbury's Cold and Facial Creams Keep Themselves Germ-Free

They contain a new, exclusive element, just recently discovered, which no other creams possess. This element eliminates the risk of bacteria infecting these creams after the lid has been removed. Keeps these creams pure, germ-free, until the last dab has been used. Makes it possible for every type of skin to use these creams lavishly for beauty, because they're safe!

Germ-Free Creams

Of course, all beauty creams—of good repute—are safe and pure when first you open them. But once the lid of the jar is lifted, there is always the possibility that germs—from the air or your hands—may get into them. There they thrive on the fatty oils, multiply. From the cream they may attack your face. And, then, if your skin is thin or dry or has the slightest blemish—worse blemishes may—and often do—result.

But Woodbury's two Germ-Free Creams prevent the germs from multiplying; destroy them as fast as they enter the jar. No germs can live in Woodbury's Creams. Leave the lid of the jar off—still they're safe!

Woodbury's Creams Bring Surer Beauty to Every Type of Skin

Made by the same skin scientists who prepare Woodbury's Facial Soap, they have always been the allies of beauty. Element 576 in Woodbury's Cold Cream is unique in its power to combat skin dryness. But now, the addition of the germ-free quality to both the Cold and Facial Creams makes them unmatched in the world of beauty aids.

They bring the skin greater vigor, greater health. Swifter, surer, more lasting beauty. Velvety texture. Fine, small pores. They overcome Dryness. And in its place bring new, fresh, supple skin—the Skin That Thrills the Touch!

Try Woodbury's two new Germ-Free Creams! Mail the coupon for a generous free tube of each.



Courtesy Lake Placid Club and Abernethy & Finch Co.

On the new bobbed run at Lake Placid, skiing or riding or driving a car—Woodbury's Germ-Free Creams offer the skin special protection. And at dances—at all times—they fulfill their promise of smooth, fine radiance, the beauty that comes only with health!



BLONDE AND BRUNETTE—both extremes and every type between—are subject to Dry Skin. Element 576 in Woodbury's Cold Cream aids you to overcome this blight! It brings the skin a vitalizing ingredient which stimulates the oil glands, makes all the skin's natural functions more vigorous and active. And the germ-free quality in both Woodbury's Cold and Facial Creams protects the skin, makes it healthier, more vigorous. And lovelier, finer, smoother! Woodbury's Creams stay germ-free as long as they last! They destroy germs as fast as they enter the jar!

109 Leading Dermatologists Tested—and approved—Woodbury's Germ-Free Creams

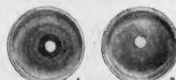
In 38 states—leading dermatologists carefully tested Woodbury's new Germ-Free Creams. 93.5% of them reported these creams to be free of the risks of causing or spreading infection to which ordinary beauty creams are subject.

Under the Microscope, What Would Your Jar of Beauty Cream Reveal?

Of course your beauty creams are pure and fine when they leave the laboratory. But the purest beauty creams may not contain, free of the presence of germs, while in use. Now Woodbury's Cold and Facial Creams destroy germs immediately. Germs cannot live in them, nor in their vicinity. See the proof in the laboratory test shown on the right.

best on the market. I shall take great pleasure in recommending them to my patients in the future."

Dr. John Monroe Sigman, Senior Dermatologist of the Maroon (Ga.) Hospital, says: "It is with the greatest satisfaction that I welcome Woodbury's Cold and Facial Creams with their active resistance to bacterial organisms."



This Test Tells the Story

This test shows two plates spread with agar jelly inoculated with millions of germs. The cloudy appearance of Plate B shows that the germs have multiplied, spread all over the plate, even to the patch of ordinary cream in its center. Plate A, bearing a patch of Woodbury's Germ-Free Cream, shows a clear ring around the cream, proving the action of this cream in destroying germs.

FREE! WOODBURY'S NEW GERM-FREE CREAMS!

Try these new germ-free creams that are revolutionizing the whole world of beauty preparations! Send for a free tube of each. See how safely you can use them on the most sensitive skin! How they will help clear up blemishes and prevent your face. You will also receive six samples of Woodbury's lovely Facial Powder—one of each of the six skin-harmonizing shades!

John H. Woodbury, Inc., 6937 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio (in Canada) John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ont.

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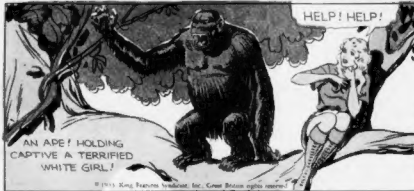
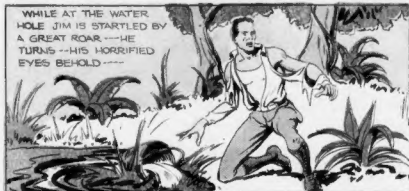
TUNE IN ON WOODBURY'S OUTSTANDING RADIO PROGRAMS—THREE TIMES EACH WEEK!

Bing Crosby and The Mills Brothers—Every Monday evening, Columbia coast-to-coast and Canadian network, 8:30 Eastern Standard Time

"Dangerous Paradise"—Thrilling drama, with Elsie Hitz and Nick Dawson, Wednesday and Friday evenings, N. B. C. network, 8:30 E. S. T.

JUNGLE JIM

BY ALEXANDER RAYMOND



Flash Gordon

